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[Hagerstown - Indiana]

By

L. S. Bowman

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CHARACTER SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE TEETORS.

By L. S. Bowman.

F O R E W O R D.

Following are a number of character sketches of some of the members of the Teetor families, relatives of Charles N. Teetor, most of whom resided in or near Hagerstown, Indiana.

The purpose of these sketches is neither history or biography, but to portray some of the habits, customs, wit and humor, overcoming of hardships, family ties of friendship and a few boyhood adventures of the Teetor boys and some of their boyhood friends.

As most of these stories date back two generations, they are of interest in showing how numerous changes in customs, habits and manner of living have taken place during the last half century.

Some of the sketches portray the noble character of some the Teetor ancestors. Life to many of them was a kind of torch which they carried for a brief time and they tried to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it over to posterity.

They realized that for a little while only do the responsibilities of life rest upon us, during which time it is the duty of every one to preserve and perpetuate the virtues of our forefathers and pass them along unsullied to the next generation.

The Teetors were fortunate in their inheritance of character and mechanical impulse from their ancestors, which has had much to do in shaping their lives, spurring them on in their efforts and insuring their success.

C O N T E N T S.

The Story of the Lantern, by Lewis W. Teetor.
The Story of the Life of Lewis L. Teetor.
A Campaign Lie Exploded with a Gun. (A political drama.)
The Baldheaded Youth.(A Joe Teetor episode.)
A Dollar Earned and a Dollar Spent.
The Teetor Boys' First Business Adventure.
~~Pies and Cakes on a Pump Handle.~~
A Teetor Legend. (A tradition about superstition.)
The Teetor-Koenig Tramp Convention. (Lake James)
Animal Instinct versus Human Intellect.
Walking in the Waterwheel.
Brotherly Love, Protection of Property. (A near tragedy.)
A Sunday Morning in Teetor Town. —
~~Tinkering with Old Tom.~~
Three Old Men.
Happy Days at Teetor Town.
School Days- Bear Creek Gang- A Home Talent Play.
Lightening Our Load with Fire.
Charles N. Teetor. Character Sketch of.
Early Power Trabsmission Line in Teetor Town.
The Manicuring Party.
The Bear Creek Gang.
Gang Land News Fifty Years Ago.

T H R E E O L D M E N .

This is a true story of an act of kindness and helpfulness in rescuing a young lady who was seriously injured.

A more appropriate title to the story might be:

"Age and Youth to the Rescue."
"Old Men Scouts and Boy Scouts Join in a Good Deed," or
"We do not see Ourselves as Others see us."

Time of the Story: November 13th, 1932.

Place of the Story: Turkey Run State Park.

The Three Old Men: Charles N. Teetor, President of Perfect Circle Co., Hagerstown, Indiana,
Frank N. Wallace, State Entomologist, Indianapolis, Indiana, and
L. S. Bowman, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Late in the year 1932, to be exact, on November 12, 1932, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Teetor, of Hagerstown, Indiana, invited the writer and Mrs. Bowman to be their guests for two days at the Turkey Run State Park. Mr. and Mrs. Teetor had traveled extensively and had visited every state in the union, and had traveled over three continents, but for some unexplainable reason had never visited Turkey Run Park. Therefore, it became the pleasant duty of the writer to assume the role of guide for our party.

The occasion of our visit to the Park at that particular time was the unveiling of the bust of Col. Richard Lieber, with appropriate exercises, which was in honor of his long and efficient services as Director of the Department of Conservation, of Indiana. This occasion attracted an unusually large attendance, not only from Indiana, but also quite a number came from surrounding states.

Our party left Indianapolis shortly before noon and ate dinner at Crawfordsville, then went direct to Turkey Run State Park. After having gone to the Hotel and registered and deposited our baggage, we then proceeded to drive over a portion of the Park. We made our first stop near the swinging bridge over Sugar Creek, the north end of which is the beginning of several scenic trails.

We parked the automobile and proceeded to walk over the swinging bridge, intending to go up through Rocky Hollow Trail. But when we had gone about half way across the swinging bridge and were standing and viewing the scenery, both up and down Sugar Creek, a young lady came running across the bridge from the north. She appeared to have been running for quite a distance. Her running caused the bridge to swing uncomfortably, especially so for the ladies. But as the lady was not being pursued either by man or beast, and since she said nothing to us when she passed us on the bridge, and seemed to have some definite purpose in her running, we merely stepped aside, gave her the right-of-way, and whatever her enterprise, we wished her God speed.

When the running lady had crossed the swinging bridge and had climbed the long flight of steps up to the driveway, she stopped and called out asking who was the owner of the parked automobile. Mr. Teetor answered that he was the owner. She then volunteered the information that a young lady had fallen and was severely injured and she requested that Mr. Teetor take her to the Hotel so that help could be summoned.

We at once took the lady to the Hotel where help was obtained. While on our way to the Hotel she stated that a party of three young ladies from Cincinnati, one a nurse and two school teachers, had taken a hike of about one mile west of the north end of the swinging bridge on one of the most hazardous routes in the park, which had been made doubly hazardous by a heavy rain which had fallen the previcus day. She also told us that one of the ladies had either broken, or very badly sprained, one of her ankles, and that they had made her as comfortable as possible by making a bed of lonvas, and that the other lady remained with her while she came in to summon help.

On account of the unveiling exercises to be held the following day, a large number of people had already arrived at the Hotel. A physician, Col. Lieber's son-in-law, who was a guest at the Hotel, offered his services. A number of Boy Scouts had arrived and were stationed at the Hotel for any emergency that might arise, and they also immediately volunteered to go, the only difficulty being that a great many more wanted to go than could be taken in Mr. Teetor's automobile.

A relief expedition was hastily made up, which consisted of the young lady who brought in the alarm and who would serve as guide in leading the rescue party back to the injured lady, the physician with first aid appliances, Mr. Teetor who furnished the transportation to the swinging bridge, six boy scouts with a stretcher on which to carry the lady back to the automobile, Mr. Frank N. Wallace, State Entomologist, and the writer, who were all crowded into the automobile and taken to the swinging bridge. From this point it was necessary to make the rest of the trip on foot.

From the north end of the swinging bridge the rescue party was led by the lady who had brought in the alarm, and who knew the route back to the place where the injured lady was left. We traveled west over a portion of trails No. 3 and No. 5. On account of the rain of the previous day the trail was doubly hazardous. This trail passes over numerous cliffs, canyons and gulches. At some places it was necessary to climb steep cliffs on rudely constructed ladders. At other places notches had been cut into the stone to serve as steps for the feet and saplings and small trees served as hand holds. Numerous low places were filled with mud and water.

Following the leader, the party went single file. The physician was second, the Boy Scouts third and last but not least came the Three Old Men. The pace was set by the leader who lost no time in bringing relief to the injured lady, but the whole party was able to keep the pace set, old men and all, and after a strenuous one-half hour we all arrived where the injured lady lay on a bed of damp leaves. I said we all arrived, which includes the Three Old Men who were right at the heels of the Boy Scouts, and who, so far as I know, were no worse for the wear.

Upon our arrival the injured lady was given first aid by the physician. She was next placed on the stretcher and made as comfortable as possible for the return trip to the Hotel. While these preparations were being made, Mr. Wallace overheard one of the three young ladies make the statement: "What do these three old men think they can do."

So far as we know there was no other thought by either the three young ladies or the Boy Scouts, than to attempt to take the injured lady back over the route over which we had all come. But, while the injured lady was being given first aid the Three Old Men held an informal conference and all agreed that it was impossible to bring the lady back over the trail and all agreed that some more level route would have to be found. In this Mr. Teetor assumed the leading role as civil engineer. We selected a route lower down, keeping close to Sugar Creek for about one-half mile, even though it was swampy and muddy, until we came to where Sugar Creek flows against the bluffs. At that point, Mr. Teetor found a shallow place in the stream where the Boy Scouts could wade across and carry the lady sufficiently high so as to keep her above the water. Additional Boy Scouts and a number of guests at the Hotel came out to the south bank of Sugar Creek and followed up stream with the rescuing party on the opposite side. At the point selected by Mr. Teetor where they should cross the stream a number of additional Boy Scouts waded across to assist the original six Scouts in carrying the lady sufficiently high to keep her above water. On the south bank of Sugar Creek the

ground was fairly level except the high bank leading up to the tract of ground on which the Hotel is located, and the rescuing party had no further difficulty in completing the rest of their journey. By this time a large number of persons had been attracted to the scene and quite a procession followed the rescuing party back to the hotel.

The two uninjured members of the Cincinnati party and the Three Old Men, not being anxious to wade Sugar Creek which was waist deep, and no one offering to carry us across, we were compelled to go back to the trail over which we had come, going back to the swinging bridge and then to the hotel, arriving about three quarters of an hour after the Boy Scouts and the injured lady had arrived. As our volunteer services were completed, we resumed our visit to the park and never saw the three ladies again, BUT WE HEARD FROM THEM.

It so happened that the three Cincinnati ladies occupied a room at the hotel on the same floor and just across the hall from the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and it also happened that for a time during the evening both doors were open which permitted ordinary conversation to be easily understood from one room to the other. The three Cincinnati ladies had friends to call on them and their conversation was principally in regard to the accident, and in recounting the incidents of the hike and the rescue, the following is, in substance, a portion of what Mrs. Wallace heard:

"Wasn't it pathetic to see those three old men following along over that trail. For the life of me, I could not understand why they came along. I still can't see what they thought they could do. It was all so unnecessary for them to make such a hazardous trip. It is a wonder that none of them were injured or killed." Etc., Etc.

Mr. Wallace promptly reported their conversation about the three old men to us the next morning. At first it jarred our sensibilities somewhat, but on second thought we considered it as a good joke on us. None of us had ever thought of ourselves as being old. Old age, if it had in reality overtaken us, we had never realized it until now when we had been very definitely classified as old men.

On reflection we realized that the three young ladies might be partially right. At least, we were old to them.

"A head that's white
To maids brings no delight".

I can still think back when I was young and really felt sorry for anyone who had reached the age of fifty. The appraisal of the young ladies also made us realize more than ever that we so often fail to see ourselves as others see us: that old age does have a way of slipping upon us unaware. Age seems to be like love, in that it can not be hidden.

In reality, the rescue of the injured lady was accomplished by the combined efforts of both youth and age. Youth brought in the alarm. Youth led the way back over the trail. Youth carried the injured lady on the stretcher. And it was youth that waded the swollen stream.

Age furnished the transportation to the hotel and then back to the bridge. Age assisted in organizing the rescue party. Age sensed the great danger in attempting to carry the injured lady back over the trail on which we had come. Age selected the new and very much safer route for the return trip and age selected the safest and best place to cross the swollen stream.

The three old men felt that they had made a valuable contribution to the success of the rescue. But the old effect more by council and the young by action, and youth played the more spectacular part. Youth carried the lady; they waded the swollen stream and they led the procession back to the hotel. Age was in the back-ground.

"As newer comers crowd the fore,
We drop behind-
We who have laboured long and sore
Times out of mind,
And keen are yet, must not regret
To drop behind."

- - - - Thomas Hardy.

During the past five years, since the above incident occurred, we three old men have known each other and most often addressed each other as follows:

Old Grand Dad Teetor,
Old Grand Pa Wallace, and
Old Grand Father Bowman.

By L. S. Bowman,
October 15, 1937,

THE STORY OF THE LANTERN, BY L. W. TEETOR.

Reverend Lewis W. Teetor, prominent minister of the Church of the Brethren, at Hagerstown, Indiana, and nationally known for his ministerial work and his religious writings, was cousin of Charles N. Teetor. One of the meny original illustrations which he used was the story about the lantern, which is as follows:
in substance

"The foresight of man is limited in this life in both time and space. We progress and move forward very much like a person traveling in the dark and carrying a lantern. The lantern is able to throw its feeble rays of light only a short distance ahead, beyond which all is indistinct or invisible. We must first travel the distance the rays of light penetrate and by walking onward are able to advance the rays of light farther and farther ahead. Near the lantern all is distinct and clear; beyond its rays all is veiled in darkness and gloom. We are unable to see the end of the journey but must trust to our judgement the general direction and negotiate the difficult places in the highway as they are disclosed by illuminating rays of the lantern we are carrying. "

Just so it is with human life. We all have our hopes, our ambitions, our desires and our untimate aims in life. We are forced to approach them by the process of trial and error, by encountering numerous unforeseen difficulties along life's road and by overcoming as many of them as we can and abandoning those which are lost and charge them up to profit and loss.

The world is a trial of strength. Human progress is a series of corrected mistakes. There is nothing in the world which we would really care about if it were ever and always easy to be had. At the end of life's trail many find the best part of life, after all, was in its struggles, its undertakings and with its few accomplishments, even though there were numerous failures scattered along the way.

By. L. S. Bowman.
December 30, 1937.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
REVEREND LEWIS W. TEETOR

(A Life Dedicated to the Service of his Fellow Man and Consecrated to the Service of God.)

Reverend Lewis W. Teetor was born in Jefferson Township, Wayne County, Indiana, on October 15th, 1845. He was the son of Daniel U. and Sarah (Shultz) Teetor. L. W. was fortunate in receiving a valuable inheritance, both in health and character, from his ancestors. There is no "accident of birth"; every birth is the verdict of nature upon marriage; and the perfect man comes only after generations of selection and preparation; a man's ancestors have paid the price of what he is.

Rev. L. W. lived all his life in the township in which he was born. His boyhood was spent in his father's saw and grist mills, located about two miles north-west of Hagerstown, in the community commonly called Teetortown, so called because there were four Teetor families who lived in homes very near the Teetor mill. At the age of ten years he could operate the saw mill as well as his elders, with the exception of placing the logs on the carriage.

L. W. Teetor, the Mechanic.

Like many of the other members of the Teetor families, he inherited from his ancestors a strong mechanical impulse, which was further developed by experience in his father's mills. He was a natural born mechanic with very much more than ordinary ability, and could, no doubt, have made a marked success in this line of work if he had made it his life's business.

Schools and Education

L. W. Teetor attended the district school in Jefferson Township, also attended school at Hagerstown and at New Castle, Indiana.

He started to school at the age of six years. During the winter of 1864, it became necessary for him to quit school and help his father with the mill work. As soon as he could again be spared at the mill he entered the New Castle Academy, returning each Saturday to dress the burs in his father's grist mill. On account of the lack of funds he was able to continue his school work at the academy for only four months, but during that short period his whole life was greatly influenced. He learned how little he knew of all that there is to be known, and he was filled with the desire of continuing his self education. Prof. Hiram Shockley was a great teacher and he made a lasting impression for good in the mind of his young student, L. W.

When he finished school, L. W. taught three terms of school, two terms of which were in the old Brick school house which stood a short distance south of the Brick Church of the Brethren where he was a few years later to serve first as Pastor and then as Elder. It was the privilege of the writer to attend the Bear Creek school one term when Cousin L. W. taught, to which I can still look back with pleasure. He was kind hearted, patient and painstaking in his teaching.

Business Career

The first business venture of L. W. was with his father in the milling business at Teetortown. Later he purchased a saw mill south of Hagerstown, which he operated by himself. He also

developed a machine shop in connection with the saw mill, in which he was equipped to repair almost any kind of machinery from a sewing machine to a forty-horse power engine. He had the first and only iron lathe in the community during a long period of years.

Religion and Church Work.

L. W. became a member of the Church of the Brethren on January 6, 1868. His conversion was sudden, positive and complete. I have heard him say that on the day he joined church, which was during a revival, that the minister suggested that the baptism would be held two days later when there were others who would also be baptised. But L. W, insisted on immediate baptism, as he did not want to take the risk of having something happen to him in the meantime, and he was baptised the same day of his conversion.

Rev. L. W. immediately became intensely interested in the cause of religion. He organized the first Sunday School in the Nettle Creek Congregation, of which he acted as Superintendent for a number of years. He was elected to the office of Deacon in the year 1869. He was elected to the Ministry on October 17, 1875. He was advanced to the second degree of the ministry on December 13, 1879.

During his ministry, he preached 4,360 sermons, 470 of which were funerals. He conducted 106 series of evangelistic meetings. He served 38 years as Elder in charge of the Church of Brethren, retiring as its Pastor six years prior to his death.

His church work required him to visit nearly every state in the Union and Canada. He attended the National annual con-

ferences of the Church of the Brethren 44 years in succession and was Moderator (Presiding Officer) at the conference held at Hagerstown, Maryland. He was also Moderator at many of the church district conferences. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Manchester College, at North Manchester, Indiana, for 12 years, during which time he was absent from the Board's sessions only once. This absence was made necessary to fulfill a promise he had made to preach the funeral of Adolf Wedikind, one of his closest neighbors. He served twelve years on the General Mission Board. He also served for a number of years as a member of the Gospel Messenger Advisory Committee.

Too Many Irons in the Fire.

For a few years of his early life, L. W. was engaged in running his shop and mill, teaching school in winter and also engaged in his church work. In addition to all these, he was also continuing with his study for a more thorough education. Finding that he was unable to successfully carry on all three, he first discontinued teaching school. In a few years he found that his machine shop and mill were interfering with his church work and he was compelled to choose between the two. After a good deal of deliberation he finally decided to turn his back on a successful business career. He believed it is better to get wisdom than gold. He sold his shop and mill, and gave all of his time and energy to the service of the church without pay.

Marriage and Family Life.

On October 28, 1866, at the age of 21 years, L. W. was married to Nancy Ellen Bowman, daughter of David and Ruth

Bowman. Two children were the issue of this union: Clinton, who died in infancy, and Ida E. who died in 1909. His wife, Nancy, passed away February 16, 1915.

On April 12, 1916, L. W. was married to Martha (Bowman) Ulrich, daughter of Benjamin and Mary Bowman. Martha died on December 13, 1925. These two wives, both Bowmans, were double first-cousins. Their fathers were brothers and their mothers were sisters. L. W. was first cousin of the writer of this sketch, and at the marriage to his second wife, Martha, he became an uncle by marriage.

L. W. was a kind and loving husband and father. Each wife possessed fine character and possessed excellent qualifications for a minister's wife.

Literary Work

Reverend Teetor early in life realized the necessity of a series of notes on the Testament to help persons to study and more clearly understand the bible. Several years later there developed a more general demand for such information and the church authorized L. W. to write a New Testament Commentary. He was engaged steadily in this work during the period of 1889 to 1894. In this work he was greatly benefitted by his knowledge of the Greek language which he had learned by self-study in previous years. He also studied the Hebrew language to some extent.

During the arduous task in writing the Commentary, which required more than four years, in order to keep in proper physical condition, he daily walked from his home on West Main Street, in

Hagerstown, down the Valley Railroad, to the old mill and shop which he had formerly owned and operated, and return to his home, a distance of about two miles for the round trip.

The Commentary was a success and well received. The task of writing the Commentary was a task in itself, but the necessary study and research in preparation, the language study in both the English and in foreign languages, added enormously to the task. The book for a time enjoyed a large sale and became in pretty general use by those who make a careful study of the scriptures.

In addition to his work on the Commentary, he edited the Sunday School Quarterlies during the period of 1896 to 1901.

Character.

L. W. was as near a Hundred-Point man as I ever knew. Hundred-Point men are not so plentiful. The good man makes others good.

He believed and taught that religion gives us the faith that there is a Power we can utilize for every end; that we may use for truth, goodness, love, beauty and mercy, and in using this Power, we find life yields to us the highest satisfaction.

He was convinced early in life that truth, integrity and sincerity in dealing between man and man, were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life.

He was not the parrot of other men's thinking. He had a robust life; he knew what he knew for certain. His constant aim was to convert life into truth.

The golden rule was the rule of his life. No one doubted the honesty of his heart.

His presence in a group or meeting added dignity and poise to the occasion.

He realized that much of what passes for right is wrong. He did not believe in a compromise between right and wrong. He entered into no questionable dealings. He believed that conduct hath the loudest tongue and that a good example is the best sermon.

A sainted soul is always elegant. He had a poise that invited confidence.

He was slow to act until he saw the right and then acted with determination. He believed that what we need in this life is not only goodness, but strength and determination to meet and cope with whatever comes.

His life was without reproach. He was loved by his friends and he had no enemies.

Some one has said that it was hard to think evil thoughts in his presence.

He believed that all things work together for good to them that love God. He had implicit faith in the Bible and its teachings.

He believed that life was not made for happiness alone, but for achievement also.

He was the spiritual father to his membership. His presence was a comfort in sorrow and bereavement.

The Curtain Falls.

In the autumn of 1927, he suffered from a stroke of paralysis. He had run his race and fought his fight. One by one his sensi-

bilities and powers left him and on October 28, 1927, he passed on quietly, naturally and peacefully, like an autumn leaf falling from a tree. Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.

And thus came to a close the life of this great and good man, who had sacrificed a successful and profitable business career and consecrated his life in the service of the spiritual welfare of humanity.

By L. S. Bowman

May 18th, 1938

A STORY OF THE LIFE OF LEWIS L. TEETOR.

(Genius, Goodness and Success Combined)

Family History

Lewis L. Teetor was the son of Isaac and Nancy (Shultz) Teetor. He was born in Wayne County, Indiana, on August 1,1857 and died in 1934. When he was but a few years old he with his parents moved to Henry County, Indiana, where the parents and also L. L. lived until the time of their death. They engaged in the business of farming.

Uncle Isaac and Aunt Nancy were of the salt of the earth. We are all, to a certain extent, victims of chance and circumstance in this life. We have no choice as to when, where or by whom we are born. L. L. was fortunate in receiving a valuable inheritance in health and character from his ancestors. Many are those who are less fortunate, some of whom have two strikes called against them when they are born.

L. L., as he was familiarly called, probably to designate him from his cousin Lewis W. Teetor, was reared on the farm and received his education in the schools of Henry County. Like his cousin Charles M. Teetor, and also quite a number of other Teetors of his generation, he inherited from his ancestors a mechanical impulse to a marked degree, which asserted itself so strongly that it was later to have an almost uncanny influence in shaping his life's work, even though he had at times temporarily planned it otherwise. Like his father, his natural bent of mind was for watches and clocks.

Mr. Teetor was united in marriage to Mary A. Henninger on May 1, 1887. To this union were born three children who are as follows: Edward C., born May 28th, 1888; Clinton R., born March 15, 1890; and Jesse May, born September 2, 1892. This union was broken by the death of Mrs. Teetor on October 21, 1894. On October 3, 1895, Lewis L. was united in marriage to Phoebe E. Miller, who also became a real helpmeet and took a sympathetic interest in the home and children as a natural mother could, in helping to rear and educate them to fill honorable positions in life.

Religion and Church.

Mr. Teetor was reared in a religious family. His parents were members of the Church of the Brethren, at the Buck Creek Church, which is located a few miles northwest of Mooreland, Indiana. It was but natural that L. L. also united with this church and a few years later he was ordained by it as a minister of the gospel.

Rev. L. L. became a great preacher, but was a poor orator. But what he lacked in oratory he more than made up for by precept and example. He preached as he believed and he lived as he preached. He had God in his heart and not in his head only. His mind was always conscious of its integrity. We have seen attempts at prayers without practice and at practice without prayers. But Cousin Lew's prayers were not the mere stringing of words together to produce an effect, he spoke the language of the heart.

Rev. L. L. was endowed by nature with a kind and loving disposition. Some of his outstanding traits of character were love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy and tenderness. He believed in spreading joy along his path. A pleasant smile brightened those he passed. His whole life, whether in business or religion, squared itself with his convictions.

During the last twenty-five years of L. L.'s life he was the Elder of the Buck Creek Church, which is the highest church office in that denomination. Also during the last three years of his life, he was the Elder of two other churches in eastern Indiana.

The better part of one's life consists of its friendships. He was not only able to make friends, but what often proves more difficult, he also kept them. He wielded an unusual amount of influence over the young people of his churches. He never permitted his spirit to grow old. Dr. Wenger, who delivered his funeral discourse remarked that it was a very unusual sight to see the children and young people of that vast congregation occupying the front seats nearest to the pulpit.

He believed that the biblican mandate to tythe his income for the church was binding and he therefore set aside one-tenth of his entire income each year for church contributions.

Expert Watch-Maker

Mr. Teetor was never enthusiastic about the business of farming. As before stated, he was a natural born mechanic. It was but natural that he left the farm and with his brother Will for a time engaged in the jewelry business in Middletown, Indiana, where they soon established a very good business. As L. L. had already established an excellent reputation as a watch-maker, their repair business constituted an important part of their business. In addition to the local business in the trade territory of Middletown, they also procured the business of inspection and repairs of the watches of the L. E. & W. Railway Company.

Fate, or circumstances beyond one's control, often interferes with and sometimes completely breaks up our best laid plans. In 1894, L. L.'s wife died and he was left with three small children

to care for. Under these conditions he deemed it advisable to sell the jewelry store and move back with his parents on the home farm so as to have the help of his mother in caring for the children, and to again take up the business of farming.

When Mr. Teetor moved back to the farm a very unexpected thing happened. To his great surprise, a large portion of his repair business voluntarily followed him, and what was still more surprising, the number of watches that came gradually increased from year to year. The Rural Free Delivery Mail service was rapidly being extended to all parts of the United States, which made the transportation of watches easy and economical. In order to more conveniently equip himself for his business he built an additional room to the farm house for his repair shop. The farm work was done by farm hands or the fields rented out on the shares.

The Church of the Brethren holds an annual national conference each year, lasting almost a week. The purpose of the conference is to transact the official business of the church for the entire brotherhood of the nation. The official business is transacted by duly elected delegates from each of the church districts of the nation. For the purpose of equity in the distance of travel to these annual meetings, the place of holding the conferences is rotated first to one part of the nation and then to another, sometimes east and then west or to some central location. In addition to the delegates, this enables thousands of the members of the laymen to attend also. The total attendance at some of these meetings runs into tens of thousands.

At one of these annual conferences, L. L. met a man from North Dakota, with whom a mutual friendship developed. In a

casual conversation this new acquaintance happened to tell L. L. that his watch had stopped and would not run. L. L.,with a degree of modesty told his new friend that watch-making had been his line of business and that he could repair it if he so desired. The watch was promptly handed to L. L., who took it home with him, made the necessary repairs and returned to him. The watch was put in such excellent condition, at a very moderate cost, and kept such excellent time thereafter that this North Dakota gentleman became an outstanding booster for business for Mr. Teetor, with the result that watches began to come in large numbers from North Dakota and other northwestern states.

An entire stranger from Wisconsin, having heard about Mr. Teetor as an expert watch-maker, mailed a watch and a five dollar bill in a box to Mr. Teetor with instructions to make complete repairs and service the watch and return it by insured parcel post, and if the $5.00 bill was not sufficient to pay the entire cost to send C. O. D. for balance due. Mr. Teetor cleaned the watch and put it in excellent condition and returned it and $4.00 in cash was returned also, as the charge was only $1.00. Then watches began to arrive from Wisconsin.

Such stories as the two above could be produced many fold from many places in the nation. Many unscrupulous jewelers all over the country have taken advantage of the owners of good watches. In watch repairing, just as in any other line of business, a part of the trade was tainted with trickery. The amount charged in many instances was all that the traffic would bear, for work that was oftimes poorly done and many good watches were injured instead of being improved by bunglers in the trade. When the owners of good

watches discovered Rev. L. L. Teetor, they not only patronized him but they also became a booster and passed the word along to their friends. To a pretty large extent, once a customer was always a customer. Just as a wise farmer never swaps a good horse, so also the owner of a high grade watch seldom quits a good watch-maker.

As a personal illustration, the writer has been the owner of a very good watch since the year 1888. From 1888 to 1934, a period of 46 years, with only one exception when I needed the watch at once, Cousin L. L. did all the servicing and made all repairs. The watch is still in excellent condition and keeps perfect time at the age of 49 years. Only last year was I compelled to select a new jeweler. Barring accidents it will outlast its owner.

Mr. Teetor's watch business did not only follow him back to the farm, but it stayed with him from year to year. Many of his old customers remained his customers until they died. As older ones passed away their loss was more than made up by new recruits. From 1894 to 1934, when he died, through a period of forty years Mr. Teetor carried on his mail order watch business, always having about all the business that he could do, made a good living, provided well for his family, all as the direct result of efficiency of service rendered, moderate charges for work done and absolute honest dealing.

Mr. Teetor never advertised and never solicited business. He went back to the farm fully intending to personally operate the farm. Many a small thing has been made large by advertising. But L. L. was discovered and found to be a genius and his customers voluntarily recommended him to others. To accomodate local customers collecting stations were established in some of the nearby towns and cities where watches and clocks could be picked up and delivered.

Why and How he Succeeded.

Ambition is so common and genius is so rare. Cousin L. L. possessed both. Character and circumstance interact on each other. Neither can be fully effective without the other. Furthermore, good fortune favors the efficient. And he was efficient.

Rev. L. L. had faith in his fellow man. He adopted the theory that it is better to be deceived sometimes than to distrust always. His business for the most part came to him from strangers. He received watches from coast to coast and from most of the states of the Union, but he never returned any of his watches with C. O. D. charges. He merely mailed an invoice with each piece of work. And this is probably the most remarkable of all, HE NEVER FAILED TO RECEIVE VOLUNTARY REMITTANCE FOR WORK DONE IN ALL OF HIS FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS. This can be partially accounted for by reason that one large class of customers were railway employees, a vast majority of whom are responsible people; another large class were members of the Church of the Brethren, who are high class conscientious people who pay all their obligations. And furthermore, not many irresponsibles have good watches anyway.

Rev. L. L. was convinced in early life that truth, sincerity and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life. In his dealings he always endeavored to do for others as if he were the others. (The Golden Rule.) His customers were able to correctly judge this man by his excellent workmanship, by his modest charges, by his faith in them and by his fair dealings and they respected him and therefore did not take any advantage of him.

Conclusion

Through all of my sixty years of personal acquaintance with Cousin Lew, I never heard him speak an unkind word or make an uncomplimentary remark about any one in this world. And what is still very much more remarkable is the fact that I never heard any one make an unkind remark or a criticism of Cousin Lew. How few are such cases! Is there one in a thousand? I doubt it.

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." - Emmerson.

Cousin Lew's life is his Passport Hence.

Written by L. S. Bowman
January 21, 1938

A CAMPAIGN LIE EXPLODED WITH A GUN.

(A Political Drama.)

TIME : Campaign of 1918.
PLACE : I. O. O. F. Hall, Hagerstown.
CHARACTERS : Clam Carr, Sheriff of Wayne County.
Henry C. Teetor, Hagerstown, Indiana, and the Republican County Chairman, Richmond.
OCCASION: Republican Political Meeting.

In the fall campaign of 1918, the Republican Committee of Wayne County, held a series of political meetings in the several towns and villages of the County. The series lasted about two weeks and meetings were held every night and were often referred to as the Republican County merry-go-round. Sometimes two meetings were held on the same evening, the earlier one being held at some cross roads village at seven o'clock and the next one held at a larger place at eight o'clock.

A sufficient number of automobiles were provided to accommodate all of the Republican County nominees and in some instances some of the Township candidates joined the party. Usually the caravan consisted of ten to twenty automobiles.

The purpose of the political merry-go-round was to take the campaign directly to the people and present the issues by direct personal appeal. At that time the automobile had arrived but the radio had not.

The program at these meetings was very much the same at all places. The candidates were usually seated on the stage, if there was one, so that they could be personally inspected by the audience. Each candidate was introduced by the chairman of the meeting who made a brief statement giving the candidate's residence, his occupation or profession and also his qualifications for the office for which he had been nominated. Upon being thus introduced, each candidate was asked to rise and take a bow and also make a few remarks if he desired to do so. After the introduction of all nominees present, the main speaker of the evening would make a regular political speech.

One of the best meetings of the series was held at Hagerstown. The hall was filled to capacity. An orchestra entertained the audience until the caravan arrived at about 8:15 P.M. The candidates, as usual, were seated upon the stage and were introduced, one by one, by the writer, who was Republican County Chairman at that time.

Mr. Clem Carr was serving his first term as sheriff of Wayne County, and had been nominated for his second term. Mr. Carr was full of wit and humor, a jolly good fellow. With the many extra duties imposed on the sheriff's office on account of the World War and with rum runners who were very active at that time he often worked almost day and night. How he kept up the gait was a surprise to his friends.

In the summer of 1918, Mr. Carr was called upon to go hurriedly out into the country east of Richmond to kill a "mad dog". Mr. Carr prided himself on his punctuality. He went promptly, but he failed to kill the dog promptly. Whether the sight of the dog made him nervous, whether he had taken a few drinks; whether it was just one of his "off" days or whether the dog did not have sense enough to know when he was dead, is not known. But it did take numerous shots from Mr. Carr's gun to kill the dog. Mr. Carr heard a great deal about his inability to kill a dog and that he was not qualified to serve as sheriff because he could not shoot straight. His marksmanship humorously became a campaign issue at the fall election of that year.

When the chairman of the meeting came tothe introduction of Mr. Carr, who was the last candidate to be introduced, he made the following statement: "Ladies and gentlemen, before introducing Mr. Carr, our candidate for Sheriff of Wayne County, I wish to call your attention to a political rumor that is going the rounds that Mr. Carr is not qualified to serve as sheriff because he is a poor marksman; that he can not shoot straight, which is highly necessary for police duty."

"In order that this matter may be definitely settled, Mr. Carr, would you be willing to give to us a demonstration of your marksmanship?" Mr. Carr said, "Yes, I would be very glad for the opportunity." I then asked Mr. Carr if he had his gun with him, and he stated that he had. I next asked for a volunteer who would throw his hat up to the ceiling in the center of the hall, and almost before I had completed my request, Henry C. Teetor was on the floor ready to throw up his derby.

Mr. Carr stood on the stage and at a signal Mr. Teetor threw up his hat and Mr. Carr's gun barked out four shots in rapid succession. The hat came down and Mr. Teetor immediately got possession and when I asked for his report he held the hat up toward the light where those close by could see and reported three holes. Many in the audience gazed up at the ceiling to see where the bullets went through. It was all done so suddenly that it seemed to be real.

After the confusion had subsided, I then made the statement that I sincerely trusted that this excellent demonstration had conclusively proven Mr. Carr's prowess as a marksman and that it would no longer be a campaign issue.

The whole matter was merely a stunt. It was prearranged. Mr. Carr shot blank cartridges. The bullet holes in Henry Teetor's hat were made with a led pencil. It was just a bit of byplay to add zest to the meeting. Clem Carr was elected with the usual majority. Raymond Springer, of Connersville made the principal address of the evening.

In politics trivial things often overshadow important issues. This stunt received county-wide publicity. Mr. Teetor had a great deal of fun out of the part he had in the play.

By. L. S. Bowman,
December 24, 1937.

T H E B A L D H E A D E D Y O U T H
(Or one Blessing that was never received.)

In the late youth or early manhood of Joe Teetor, when he still possessed some of the characteristics of a boy but in stature was a man, for more than a month he let his hair grow. It came down almost to his shoulders and if he had let his whiskers grow also, he would have qualified as a youthful member of the sect of the House of David. To his many inquiring friends who wanted to know what was the big idea with the long hair, Joe gave out no information. He gave them to understand that how he wore his hair was entirely a personal privilege and that he had a right to let it grow as long as he pleased.

Finally on a Saturday night, when his hair was grown to somewhat resemble a mop, Joe went to the barber shop and had the crown of his head clipped very close and then shaved. None of the rest of his hair was trimmed or serviced in any way.

The effect was amazing, astonishing and stupendous. The boundary line between the bald spot and the hair was sudden, complete and well defined. There was no gradual tapering off from hair to no hair. Below the bald spot the crop of hair was abundant and lucurious. Above the line there was not a single hair. It had the appearance that here nature had performed a miracle. He looked as though he might have been scalped by the Indians. To make his appearance more

unusual and startling, Joe had a very youthful face to be so crowned with a bald head. It was almost a case where "Seeing was not believing."

It is useless to state that Joe was the talk of the town and the center of attraction during the next few days. All of his friends and even some strangers called at the shop where he was employed, to see the human curiosity. To make his appearance of an old man more complete, Joe was an exceptionally good actor. There never was a youngster who possessed so much of the devil within and who could also put on the appearance of a saint on the outside. He could successfully perform the stunts of a clown and at the same time look as meek as the ass on which the Saviour rode.

One of the numerous interesting and amusing incidents that took place while Joe remained bald headed, was as follows; At the time of this story, Joe boarded and roomed with a family by the name of Rogers, who lived on North Washington Street. Mr. and Mrs Rogers were very conscientious and religious people, and Mr. Rogers always asked a blessing before each meal.

On the Sunday morning after Joe had received the "bald-headed-hair-cut" on the Saturday night before, when the members of the Rogers family gathered around the breakfast table, Joe was the last one to arrive. When Joe was finally seated at the table he immediately became the object of great

surprise and curiosity of all. Joe's sudden aged appearance indicated that maybe old father time had turned the calendar forward for at least fifty years during the night. The mind of each member of the family was completely diverted from the usual morning blessing to Joe's bald head. The whole scene was changed from solemnity to hilarity. Even old Mr. Rogers was so amused and filled with laughter that he was in no mental state of mind to ask the blessing and he finally said, "Well Mother, pass the bread." The family, on account of Joe's clowning, went through that day with one blessing less than usual. This was probably the only time in Joe's whole life that he was able to divert attention away from his Maker unto himself.

By L. S. Bowman.
February 11, 1938.

A DOLLAR EARNED AND A DOLLAR SPENT
(From whence it came and where it went.)
A Teetor Boyhood Episode.

A part of the boyhood of Charles N. and Joe Teetor was spent in Haytie, which is a small suberb of Hagerstown, located about one-half mile south of the corporate limits of the town.

The time of this story is a little more than fifty years ago, or to be more exact, about the year 1884 or 1885. The then ages of the boys were 11 and 14 years, Charles N. being the older.

At that time almost all of the livestock was driven to market, on foot, to the nearest railway station. This was before the days of paved highways and motor trucks, and Hagerstown with two lines of railroads was an important shipping point.

One autumn day, Mr. Moses Swisher, a farmer who lived about three miles south-east of Hagerstown, with the help of an assistant driver, drove his herd of hogs to Hagerstown to market. Some distance south of Haytie, one hog more contrary than the rest, or more intelligent than the rest of the herd, stampeded and escaped from both herd and drivers and made his escape into the woods. After having been pursued for some distance by one of the drivers the hog was finally temporarily abandoned in a corn field, which field is now included as a part of the Ralph Teetor Lake.

The rest of the herd having been kept intact, Mr. Swisher then proceeded with the hogs toward the stock pens in the south part of Hagerstown. When the herd was driven past the Teetor home, it so happened that C. N. and Joe were in the front yard and Mr. Swisher told the boys about the run-a-way hog that had made its escape into a field of corn near their home and he offered them a dollar if they would capture the hog and bring it up to the stock pens at Hagerstown.

Mr. Swisher's proposition was immediately accepted and C. N. and Joe proceeded to think up ways and means by which to catch the hog and deliver it to its owner. If their efforts should fail, it would result in only a small loss of time, and if they succeeded, they knew they could make good use of the dollar. Also it was a kind of adventure which appeals to most boys of that age and they were ready and willing to match their wits with those of any hog.

The Teetor family had a large shepherd dog by the name of Frisk that would be able to catch the hog, but in addition to catching the hog it would be necessary to lead or drive it to the stock pens. To enable them to do this, one of the lines was taken from the set of driving harness. With this equipment

the boys proceeded to the corn field. Frisk carried out his part of the assignment promptly and well and the boys soon were able to securely tie one end of their line to one of the hog's hind legs. By the use of the line and the dog, the hog was driven or led,, which depended on which way he was attempting to go. After a strenuous half-hour or more, with both boys, the dog and the hog almost exhausted, they finally arrived at the stock pens where the hog was delivered to Mr. Swisher, as per contract, for which Mr. Swisher paid the dollar in full, as per promise.

The possession of money always brings a pleasure and a satisfaction and many are the anticipations, especially by young people in modest circumstances, of what it will buy. There were many important uses to which the dollar could be put and many desirable things that it would buy. But as dollars were very scarce and hard to get, the Teetor boys thought long and carefully about its investment in something most desired by them. As the dollar was earned by the joint efforts of both boys, it was therefore owned jointly and its expenditure required the consent of both.

A number of years before, Henry Teetor, an older brother, had built a small wagon which was an exact model of the best farm wagons of that period. It was about three times the size of the standard express wagons now in common use for children. This wagon for several years previous had been the pride of the Teetor boys and the joy of all the other boys in the whole neighborhood. Charles N. finally became the owner of this wagon and after having made some repairs on it, he traded it to the Fletcher boys for an old high wheel bicycle, which he then proceeded to repair and restore to first class condition. There was one part of this bicycle which C. N. was unable to repair or replace. It was the axle of the front wheel, which was badly bent and out of line, probably caused by a fall at some previous time. The repair of this axle required the use of a turning lathe and there was no machine shop in Hagerstown at that time.

Some time after the hog episode there was a circus at Cambridge City, and the boys, just like all other normal boys wanted to go very badly. Also there was a machine shop at Cambridge City, where the bicycle axle might be repaired. A circus and a bicycle made a combination of wants, desires and demands that the boys could no longer withstand. After a good deal of careful consideration it was definitely decided to spend their dollar. The big question still remained, however, whether or not the dollar could be stretched so as to accomplish both these purposes.

When circus day came, the boys did not go to Cambridge City on the Big Four train because of the car fare that would be necessary. Instead they drove to Cambridge City in the family

buggy. Neither did they eat any lunch in the City. Instead they had their mother pack a small lunch for them which they ate on their way. By thus conserving all their revenue they arrived in Cambridge City with a whole dollar to be used for the budget adopted in advance.

The boys arrived in the City at about noon and immediately went to the Bertsch Machine Shop with the bent bicycle axle and were met by Mr. Charles Bertsch, owner of the shop. After Mr. Bertsch examined the axle he stated that he could repair it. Charles N. immediately asked Mr. Bertsch how much it would cost. Mr. Bertsch asked C. N. how much money he had and C. N. replied that he had one dollar. At that moment Joe interrupted the conversation by stating to C. N. "Yes, Charley, but remember we want to go to the circus." Mr. Bertsch then asked how much money would be needed to get into the circus and was told that the admission was twenty-five cents, which would leave only fifty cents. Under those conditions Mr. Bertsch then fixed the price for the repair of the axle at fifty cents and told the boys that the axle would be repaired by the time they would be ready to go home.

This day was one of the high spots in the boyhood of C. N. and Joe Teetor, which afforded them many happy memories. C. N. soon completed the repairs of the old high wheel bicycle and became an expert rider. At the circus the boys also got a large number of ideas about gymnastics and Charley and Joe both rode at once. C. N. propelled the wheel and Joe stood up on the springs of the saddle, sat on C. N.'s shoulders and in numerous other positions. Many was the show that was given out at old Bear Creek School where the scholars used to sit on the board fence and enjoy Joe and Charley's riding and acting up and down the pike in front of the old Bear Creek School.

"Ah! That thou couldst know the joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy."

By L. S. Bowman

Nov. 29th, 1937

THE TEETOR BOYS' FIRST BUSINESS ADVENTURE.

(A Tale about Rat Tails.)

For a number of years, Zach Teetor, father of Charles N. and Joe Teetor, was the owner and operator of the Teetor Grist Mill, which was one of the largest and best mills in the Hagerstown Trade territory. The mill is located about one and one-half miles northwest of Hagerstown on what was known as the Franklin Pike. The earlier portion of the boyhood of Charles N. and Joe was spent at this location. The family residence was near the mill which enabled the boys to spend a great deal of their leisure time at the mill.

On season during the time they operated the mill there was an epidemic of rats which became a menace. A grist mill with its storage of grain and flour afforded an ideal place for rats. Besides an abundant food supply, there were numerous places for the rodents to hide, nest, breed and multiply. Rats, more than many of the other members of the animal kingdom respond to nature's mandate to multiply and replenish the earth. They bear four or five times in the year, from four to ten young, which in their turn are able to breed at the age of about six months. From central Asia they have spread to every country of the earth.

In a grist mill rats are objectionable for several reasons. They eat a great deal of grain; they destroy and contaminate more than they eat; and they also are unsanitary and in many cases are carrier of disease. It is said that they do $200,000,000 of damage each year in the United States alone.

At the time of this story, the rats in the Teetor mill had become very numerous. For some time they had propogated more rapidly than the number killed, and it became highly necessary to organize a campaign of rat killing to exterminate them. One of the several means employed to enlist volunteers in this campaign was the payment of bounties to the Teetor boys for all rats killed. Most boys like the adventure of killing rats as a sport. However, that had not been sufficient to forever keep the boys interested, and so in order to stimulate the business Mr. Teetor paid a bounty of one cent for each rat killed. As many rats are unsanitary, all that was necessary was for the boys to deliver to their father the tails of the rats killed and he would pay a bounty of one cent per tail.

The location and habits of the rats were studied. Their nests, hiding places and runways were all observed. Numerous traps were set. A number of unused grain conveyor spouts were placed in the best rat location in the basement of the mill to afford attractive hiding places for the rodents. Several times each day the boys made the rounds and visited all the traps and also inspected the grain spouts and if there were any rats in the spouting, one of the boys worked at one end with a pole or lath and punched our Mr. Rat into the jaws of Scott, a high-geared rat terrier dog, at the other end.

For a time the business of the Teetor Rat Catching Company was good. As there was no overhead expense all receipts were profit and the company prospered, but finally there came a time that the number of rats killed decreased. Business declined and

the amount of bounty received decreased correspondingly. The business suffered a serious depression.

The boys had become accustomed to the more abundant life and were loath to lose their business and income, and so they developed what might be called a New Deal, in this day and age. It probably would be called R. T. R, S., which when written out in full is the "Rat Tail Repeat System", which means that the boys collected the bounty on the rat tails more than once.

C. N., being the older and more observing, soon learned where his father disposed of the rat tails which had been turned in and paid for and if they had not been destroyed and if their condition would permit he would salvage them and turn them in again with the next new kill. Joe was three years younger but he seemed to understand high finance also, and whenever he found a dead rat in or near the mill he cut off its tail and it also was used to swell the number of tails on which to collect the bounty, even though he had no part in its killing. Each of the boys practiced his own kind of fraud and their father was the victim.

After a time Uncle Zach, as he was familiarly called, became a bit curious as to why the large number of rats that had been killed in the past did not reduce the number killed later on. It was very evident that the number of rats remaining had been decreased out of all proportion to the number still being killed, or at least bounties paid for.

Finally the racket was discovered and the criminals caught

and the bounties discontinued. Joe was caught red-handed by an employee of the mill, engaged in the amputation of rat tails from dead rats which he found outside the mill. Charles N. was also suspicioned and confessed. Practically all of the rats had been caught and the campaign of extermination had accomplished. As the damage done by the rats was many fold greater than the amount of bounties paid, Mr. Teetor had greatly profited by the transaction.

As frauds for personal gain must be distinguished from those perpetrated solely for mischief, the whole matter was taken as a joke in which Mr. Teetor was outsmarted by his two small sons. This was probably one of the first ent rprises in which Charles N. and Joe were partners and co-workers. Little did they then dream of the more important endeavors in which they would co-operate later on in life.

By L. S. Bowman,

January 28, 1938.

In spite of the supposed curse, about once in each generation someone would get up a sufficient amount of courage and make an attempt to excavate and discover the secret contents deposited. But in each of the earlier attempts made, the men who were engaged in the digging either became violently ill or were filled with fear and trembling before they dug very deep into the ground.

After each of such unsuccessful attempts the story of the ill effects of the curse was told in the community which prevented any further tampering with the location for several years, sometimes for many years to come.

The last effort to explore the location was made by Jacob Teetor and John Zook. John Zook was a brother-in-law of Mr. Teetor, and for a number of years he lived on and farmed the Teetor farm. Mr. Zook was a real "He-man". He was young and brave and strong and there was little that he feared.

As no one had made an effort to excavate the "treasury mound" with the curse placed upon it for quite a long time and the story of the preceeding efforts which all ended in disaster were still current in the community, these two men, Mr. Teetor and Mr. Zook decided that they would demonstrate to the community that there was no such thing as a curse on the place and the failure of all the former efforts was the result of imagination and jittery nerves caused by superstition. Also if there was anything of interest or value buried there they wanted to get possession of it.

At the appointed time these two brave men went to the mound and began the excavation. After having made considerable headway with the digging and had gone down some three or four feet into the ground, John Zook was suddenly overcome by a strange power. He was digging with his back turned toward Mr. Teetor and he first thought that Mr. Teetor had attacked him. He felt certain that Mr. Teetor had his hands clasped around his neck and was attempting to lift him out of the excavation bodily. In his excitement he called loudly to Mr. Teetor to stop chocking him and to let loose of him. Mr. Teetor was greatly surprised at the imaginary attack. When Mr. Zook turned around and saw that Mr. Teetor did not have hold of his neck and was several feet away from him, he also was greatly surprised and shocked. He stated that he had all of this that he wanted and both men hurriedly left the excavation and never returned to try it again. Mr. Zook, brave as he had always seemed to be, afterward stated that, "I don't care to investigate any further."

When the American Indians evacuated Indiana and migrated to territory west of the Mississippi River they took their superstitions with them, and in proportion with the education and civilization of the Indian has his superstitions decreased. Witchcraft, one of the very worst superstitions, which cost the lives of many innocent victims has ceased to exist almost everywhere. Most superstitions can not survive civilization, education and reason.

Intelligent investigations have eliminated many superstitions. Facts are stubborn things. Following is an example of how an old superstition was cleared up a few years ago, which may be of interest;

"In central Asia, near the river Oxus, there is said to be a famous rock, called the Lamp Rock, from a strange light that seems to issue from a cavern far up the side of the mountain. The natives have a superstitious fear of the rock, and ascribe the light to some dragon or demon that lives in the cave. Recently a bold English traveler climbed up and investigated the phenomenon. The light was found, after all, to be only the light of common day. The cave proved to be a tunnel, and the mysterious light came through the rock from the other side, making a strong glow or nimbus at the mouth of the cavern."

If the mound referred to in this story has not been entirely obliterated by the process of erosion and cultivation, and with the consent of the present owner of the farm, it would be of interest to dig once more.

By L. S. Bowman,
December 11, 1937.

TEETOR KOENIG TRAMP CONVENTION.

Late in the summer of 1922, Mrs. Charles N. Teetor and Mrs. Fred Koenig, next door neighbor of the Teetors' at their Lake James Home, gave a Hobo party to which practically all of the summer residents of Lake James and their guests, were invited.

The party was held on the grounds of the Teetors' and Koenigs which extended back from their houses into the edge of a thickly wooded area on high ground overlooking the middle basin of Lake James and afforded an ideal location for such a social gathering of vagabonds.

The invitations to the party specified that all guests should come appareled as tramps and that they should also impersonate and portray the character of a tramp. Prizes were offered for the best man and the best woman tramp.

Mr. and Mrs. Teetor had as their guests that week Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Werking, Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Wikoff and Mr. and Mrs., L. S. Bowman. To Mr. Teetor and the three above mentioned men fell the task of preparing a proper setting for the party. We thoroughly cleaned the ground, built a large stone oven over which to prepare the food, gathered in a large amount of dry wood for the oven and the campfire and cut about fifty small trees on which to toast weiners and marshmallows.

Last, but not least, was the matter of obtaining the proper kind of clothing, supplies and equipment for our make-up for the evening. This we four men did stealthily during the afternoon. After obtaining sufficient supplies and material for the "makings" we four men went out quite a distance from the residence into the woods in order to get away from the domination of the ladies (our wives) and also in order to give them a surprise when we came back all togged out.

The hour spent in producing our make-up was one of the high spots of the occasion for us. We each tried to outdo the others and each attempted to be different from the others. It was probably the crudest beauty parlor, beautician methods and treatments since the day of the uncivilized Indians. The fact is that we over-decorated ourselves and we would have been held in contempt in any gathering of real vagabonds of the road. After we had completed our make-up, we had our pictures taken, which were indeed painful to see and which we at first hesitated to let any one else see. However, Mr. Teetor took a positive stand that the pictures must be generously shown and he even threatened to have my picture published in the Indianapolis Star. We then went back to the house for inspection by our wives, who were greatly humiliated. They knew that we were not of the fashion plate variety, but they did not know that it was possible

for us to be that ugly.

The time for the arrival of the guests was fixed at twilight and soon after sunset they began to arrive singly or in small groups from all directions. Some came by boat and others walked, many coming in by the back way through the thick woods which adjoined the camp ground where the pow-wow was to be held. The assembling of the guests was most interesting and amusing. A majority of the fifty guests had never met or seen each other before. A real tramp, if he had known, could have attended and his real identity would never have been discovered. Tramps who had already arrived were very sociable and greeted each newcomer with due consideration. The veneer of social dignity was removed and in many instances human nature was seen in the "raw".

The first half-hour of the party was spent in general conversation (tramp language) and in getting acquainted. Following came the Hobo banquet which was in reality a very fine spread of the best of food served very informally around a large camp fire, and was greatly enjoyed with such a setting out under the trees. The conversation during the meal consisted principally of tramp talk, tramp philosophy and tramp experiences. The contest was not alone for tramp appearance, but also for the best portrayal of tramp character and conversation.

Following the festivities came the Hobo convention which was organized by electing the writer as President, who was called "King of the Hobos". Unfortunately there was no one present who could write short hand and the exact proceedings were never recorded. The program consisted of the introduction of each guest to the assembly. Each guest was requested to give his name and address, if he had any, from what state he had come, and which way he was bound. He was also requested to state the reasons, conditions and circumstances that caused him to enter the tramp profession and also to relate any interesting experiences which might be instructive or helpful to his brethren on the road.

As before stated, no written record was kept, and statements made by each individual speaker can not be reproduced from memory, very much to the writer's regret, but following is, in substance, some of the most interesting tramp jargon in conversations and speeches, much of which is true to actual tramp life among the gentry:-

Successful tramping depends largely on successful begging. Tramps live chiefly on what they can beg or steal. When you can say that you have struck bottom there is no lower deep for you to go. Nothing is worth striving for; all good things are vanity and life is a business which does not cover expenses. Successful tramping develops the art of choosing from among many lies the one which most resembles the truth. Conscience among tramps, is not the voice of God, but the fear of the police.

Some of the reasons given for being a tramp were as follows: Drunken fathers, cruel stepmothers, illness, death of wife, porerty, liberated prisoners, crippled under the hat, struggling with want and misery, useless to society and a burden to relatives.

It was shown that the four ways by which boys and girls get upon the road are: Some are born there; some are driven there, others are enticed there and some go there voluntarily. One tramp said that he was ashamed to beg but that he was trying to get back to relatives and friends. One tramp said that he was a victim of capitalism. He had come into the world without being consulted and against his own wishes and therefore the world now owed him a living, which he was not receiving. He had voted for every political party and his conditions had never been improved. The trouble is that the few who own the world are not interested in improving it. No political party had ever adopted a plank for the uplift and betterment of the tramp and it looks as though none ever will.

Some other tramps were not bitter toward their condition. One tramp stated that "Beggin's great business if you're cut out for it,'cause you've got everything to win and nothin' to lose." Another felt that if people are fools enough to let us swindle them, so much the worse for them and so much the better for us. One had been born in high society, but was tired of all the sham and preferred being down with common people. At the close of the business session a gentleman from Cincinnati, Ohio, a traveling man whose name I do not remember, was awarded first prize for the man and Mrs. Leslie B. Davis received first prize for the best woman tramp.

After the business session was completed came the dance. A large victrola had been provided for the music and it was a wierd picture to see those tramps dancing by the light of the camp fire. There were some excellent dancers present that could have graced any ballroom, whose dancing was enjoyed by all present. And thus the happy day and evening was ended. The tramps all expressed appreciation to the hosts and hostesses, expressed the hope that they might all meet again at some future convention, and said good night.

The two things that are outstanding in my memory of the Hobo party are as follows:

Henry C. Teetor was present as a guest but did not compete as a tramp. He had been ill for some time prior to this occasion, but was able to attend and was seated on the sidelines where he could hear and see all the show. I believe that I can not remember of anyone ever having more real enjoyment out of any such event than he did at this time. He stated that he had laughed until his sides really ached painfully and had tried to quit, but couldn't. He told me afterward that he had been made years younger.

The other very pleasant memory of this occasion was the great enjoyment Mr. C. N. Teetor got out of being host to such a party. He had been working very hard prior to this time and

needed just such a mental tonic and change of occupation as this provided. He laid all his business responsibilities aside and gave himself over completely to the spirit of the occasion and found relaxation in being just another common tramp among some of his old Bear Creek fraternity brothers.

"A little nonsense now and them
Is relished by the wises men."

By L. S. Bowman,
November 1, 1937.
Indianapolis, Ind.

ANIMAL INSTINCT versus HUMAN INTELLECT.

or

Man Matches Wits with a Hog.

Characters:- A man and a hog.
Scene:- A fence and a log.

This is a true story about a man and a hog matching wits with each other, the one assuming the roll of detective and the other a thief. The man was Mr. D. W. Deardorff, who at the time of this story, lived with his parents on a farm near Hagerstown, Indiana. The hog was one of a small herd kept on the farm. The time of the story was one summer when Mr. Deardorff was a youth engaged in helping with the work on his father's farm.

The herd of hogs was kept in a clover field adjacent to a field of corn, the two fields being separated by a substantial fence which was considered to be "hog tight and bull high."

As the season advanced, the pasture in the clover field became poorer and shorter while the corn just across the fence grew larger and began to mature. The sight of the corn and its savory odor greatly tempted the hogs, and one hog especially, probably more intelligent than the rest, and which had an appetite that could eat the solar system, became very much dissatisfied to remain in the pasture field when he was so near to and could plainly see through the fence into the "land of plenty", and he proceeded to find ways and means of getting into the corn field so that he might get his fill of the new luscious corn.

After probably having made numerous careful inspections of the fence - no one knows how many - the hog finally found a way into, what was to him, the promised land. But the hog's absence from the herd was discovered the same day and he was promptly driven out and put back into the pasture field. The fence was examined by Mr. Deardorff but no place could be found where it was thought possible for the hog to pass through. The hog won the first round.

On the very next day the hog was again discovered in the corn field and was again driven out and put back into the pasture field and the fence was again examined more carefully than on the previous day, and no place was found where it was thought possible for the hog to pass under, through or over the fence. The hog won the second round.

For several days in succession this contest between the men and the hog went on. Each day the hog secretly made his way into the corn and succeeded in getting his fill of new corn, and each day as soon as he was discovered he was driven out and each day also the fence was re-examined without the hog's secret being divulged.

Finally, not to be outwitted by a hog, Mr. Deardorff made this matter a special order of business and took time off from his regular farm work to assume the roll of detective. As Mr. hog would never make any of his foraging trips when anyone was in sight, Mr. Deardorff secreted himself early in the morning, where he could see the hog along the entire length of the fence and it was not long until the mystery was solved.

Some years prior to the time of this story, a large tree which stood in the clover field had fallen across the fence, the upper portion of which landed in the corn field. That portion of the tree which lay in the corn field had been removed, but the part which lay in the clover field had remained undisturbed to decay. This portion extended only a few feet into the corn field but a very much longer section lay in the clover field. The fence had been carefully built up to and over the log so as to make the fence intact.

But the log was hollow through its entire length and it was through this opening that the hog had traveled each day to get his feast of corn. In making a careful inspection of the fence, the hog not being able to climb over the log was compelled to pass around the end and therefore saw the opening. But Mr. Deardorff, in making his inspections of the fence always stepped over the log and was unaware that it was hollow throughout its entire length.

Up to this time Mr. Deardorff had been outwitted each day, but now the tables were turned. He carefully removed the fence from over the log and placed it far enough back into the corn field so as to entirely miss the log and thereby leave the entire length of the log inclosed in the clover field.

Mr. Deardorff then again secreted himself, as before, and watched the movements of the hog, which is the interesting part of this story. After the hog thought Mr. Deardorff had gone, he again promptly and confidently went to the log and passed through as he had repeatedly done before, but to his very great surprise, he did not arrive in the corn field, but found himself still in the clover field.

The hog was completely bewildered and could not understand what had happened or how he had been tricked. He had always successfully arrived by that route before, but why couldn't he do it now? He seemed never to realize that the fence had been moved. He had now become accustomed to the more abundant life and was loath to give it up, and so he pumped his brains and proceeded to pass through the log time after time; round and round he went, but each time came out in the clover field instead of the corn field, and finally gave it up in disgust or despair, and probably never realized just what had really happened to his secret tunnel into the corn field.

Animal instinct possesses cunning, but is surpassed by human intelligence and this story shows again why man holds dominion over the animal kingdom.

By L. S. Bowman,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
Written February 3, 1937.

N O T E : -

This story was told to the writer by Mr. Charles N. Teetor, who vouched for its being true. It was written at the request of Mr. Teetor, so that the story might be perpetuated. As Mr. Teetor and Mr. Deardorff were brothers-in-law, the story may be of special interest to their relatives.

L. S. B.

TEETOR BOYHOOD ADVENTURE.

Walking in the Waterwheel

For a number of years during the boyhood of Charley and Joe Teetor, they lived at the "Teetor Town Mill". Their father owned and operated the Teetor Flouring Mill which was run by water power. The water wheel was, as I now remember it, about ten or twelve feet in diameter.

The Teetor boys, Willie Hoover and the younger Zook boys who were neighbors and playmates, often went down to the end of the pit to the open end of the wheel and while it was running would stand between the large posts which supported the wheel and the building, and from that location would jump through the space between the large spokes into the interior of the wheel while it was running. The space was only large enough for a medium sized boy to get through comfortably and he had to go through just at the right time. The distance of the wheel to the timber supports was only about four or five inches and if, for any reason, a boy would fail to get clear through into the interior of the running wheel, he ran the risk of being caught between the timbers and crushed.

In the inside of the revolving wheel, the boys would walk round and round at the same speed which the wheel turned, somewhat like a squirrel turning in his cage. When they tired of the sport they had the same hazard getting out through the spokes and past the timbers as when they had

entered.

There was an additional danger also, Sometimes a piece of wood floated down the race and would get caught in the wheel which would stop it from running and also stop all the machinery of the mill. If this had ever happened while the boys were in the wheel and the opening between the spokes had not been in proper line for their escape, they would have been trapped and held prisoners within the wheel until rescued by some one.

By. L. S. Bowman,
February 22, 1938.

BROTHERLY LOVE, PROTECTION OF PROPERTY AND A NEAR TRAGEDY.

For a number of years during the boyhood of Charles N. and Joe Teetor, their father owned and operated the Teetor Grist Mill which was located about one and one-half miles north-west of Hagerstown.

The time of this story was when Charles N. and Joe were about half grown. When school was not in session it was the habit of the boys to spend much of their time at the mill with their father. The mill race, the water wheel, the mill machinery and the customers that came and went all combined to make it a place of boyhood interest. C. N. was then large enough to do light chores and when not so engaged the leisure time was employed in play.

One of the regular customers at the mill was Mr. James Wyatt, a prominent and well to do farmer who lived in that community at that time. Mr. Wyatt was a good citizen and also a good friend of Zach Teetor, the boys father. But for some unknown reason, Mr. Wyatt had a distorted idea of what constitutes real wit, humor and fun.

In those days farmers brought their wheat and corn to the mill and waited until the grist was ground and took their meal or flour back home with them on the return trip. While waiting for his grist to be ground, Mr. Wyatt often engaged in tormenting the young Teetor boys as a passtime. He seemed to get a great deal of pleasure in playing pranks on the boys and adding to their discomfort by getting them into all kinds of difficulties and embarrassments. The madder the boys got the better Mr. Wyatt seemed to enjoy it. He dealt with boys not to obtain their love and respect and to give them pleasure, but to give him pleasure at their disadvantage and to their discomfort. The net result was that he did not dislike the boys but the boys had no use for him. They naturally did not like his kind of play.

One of the prize possessions of the Teetor boys was a wagon that Henry Teetor, an older brother had made,,which was an exact model of a real farm wagon and somewhat larger than the common express wagon for children of today. On one of Mr. Wyatt's trips to the mill, as he had received his grist and was leaving, Charles N. and Joe were playing outside the mill near the driveway. Joe was sitting in the wagon and Charles had a hatchet in his hand and had evidently been doing some mechanical work in their play.

Mr. Wyatt, in what to him was a joke, tied the Teetor wagon to his farm wagon and started home. Joe was sitting in the wagon and began to cry aloud and C. N. followed along behind holding back on the Teetor wagon and calling

loudly for Mr. Wyatt to stop. Joe could have easily gotten out, but neither of the boys would give up and abandon their small wagon.

The distance from the driveway at the mill out onto the road and up to the Teetor yard at the residence was about two hundred feet and during this distance Mr. Wyatt took the boys, Joe screaming and C. N. holloing at Mr. Wyatt to stop.

The noise and confusion of the boys reached the ears of Mrs. Teetor, who promptly answered their call and she came out into the yard and Mr. Wyatt stopped his team at the corner of the yard and dismounted from his wagon intending, of course, to unhitch the small wagon and leave the boys at their home.

Mrs. Teetor reprimanded Mr. Wyatt in no uncertain language and told him that he should be ashamed of himself to treat the boys in that manner. Just as Mr. Wyatt dismounted from the wagon, Charles N. was still "boiling over" with indignation and he threw his hatchet which he still carried in one hand, with all his might at Mr. Wyatt, who at that moment was standing close beside the corner fence post of the yard and the hatchet missed Mr. Wyatt only a few inches and struck the post right by his side. The hatchet was thrown with such force that it stuck fast in the post and if it had hit its intended mark Mr. Wyatt would have been seriously injured. Mr. Wyatt probably learned a valuable lesson in child study on that occasion.

The wrath of C. N. was so thoroughly justified that it may be said to the credit of his parents that he was never reprimanded. Mr. Wyatt was more guilty than Charles N., as he was the cause of the act. As Mr. and Mrs. Teetor could not punish Mr. Wyatt, they could not consistantly punish Charles N.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."
- - Shakespeare.

By. L. S. Bowman,
December 31, 1937.

T E E T O R B O Y H O O D M E M O R I E S

ONE SUNDAY MORNING - A DOG FIGHT AND AN EXPLOSION

Each of the families at Teetor Town owned a dog and John Zook's owned two dogs. Under ordinary circumstances these dogs got along peaceably together. It was only when the owners of the dogs promoted trouble among them that they would fight each other.

Occasionally when other forms of entertainment or adventure were lacking and the boys wanted some excitement they organized a community dog fight. On one such occasion the writer was visiting at Aunt Sally Teetor's. The boys of the immediate neighborhood had congregated in Zook's orchard and in order to get up a little action and excitement one of the boys, I do not now remember which one, suggested that they have a dog fight. It so happened that certain parents of some of the boys did not approve of this form of sport as the noise disturbed the peace and quietude of the Sabbath day and it produced a good deal of wear and tear on the dogs. Therefore the fight was delayed until the parents had gone to church.

When the proper time arrived some of the boys made the round in the neighborhood and gathered up all the dogs for the coming bout. On that particular morning there were five dogs, four of which were from medium to large in size and one small terrier. They were of mixed breeds or mongrel type and fortunately there was no bull dog among them, which made it easier for the referee.

When it was reasonably certain that all the old folks had gone to church the dogs were sicked upon each other by their owners and the fight was on. The four large dogs were soon all mixed up in a common heap. Each dog was biting some other dog and in turn was being bitten by the others. They fought enmass, first one would come to the top of the pile and then another. They produced a lot of noise and confusion by their growling and yelping. After the fight had once started no dog could retreat or get away for the reason that if one attempted to do so there were two or three that had hold of him. So every dog had to stay in the fight to the finish regardless of his condition or his wishes and whether he was whipped or not.

The small terrier dog was the only one that displayed a grain of sense or had an ounce of brains. He realized his physical limitations and refused to get into the thick of the fight, so he fought only around the edges. He remained some two or three feet away from the dog heap and closely watched for any safe opportunity to jump forward and quickly snap at any other dog's legs or body and then jump back to a distance of safety. He was young and active and contributed his full share to the performance, was always in time and never had to take any punishment. His excellent foot work was greatly admired.

For some reason the boys and some of the dogs seemed to have it in for Dave Teetor's dog. As his family had no representative at the fight it was permitted to continue until this dog had received the worst of the conflict. The boys were not very particular which dog won but were anxious that the Dave Teetor dog should receive the worst of the fight. The fight was not permitted to go on until any dog was badly injured and the boys were able to separate them at any time they desired to do so. When it was observed that the Dave Teetor dog had taken about all the punishment that he could safely standthe fight was called off and pronounced by all to have been a "howling" success.

A BRAND NEW BOILER EXPLODES

After the dog fight was over, the forenoon was still young and the next item on the program was to go with Mart Teetor to his home, which was only a few rods away, where he would give an exhibition of his new steam engine and the small machinery which it would run.

In the back lot of the Daniel Teetor home, which was across the mill race from the residence, Mart and some of the other boys had built a small building which was used for play research, inventions and experimentation. Mart's family were all mechanics and it was but natural that he also was mechanically inclined and became an inventor.

This juvenile laboratory was only a smal' affair some six by eight feet in size and we all crowded into this building to see Mart demonstrate his new steam engine. The boiler was made from a half gallon tin fruit can with the lid soldered on and a small copper tube soldered into it through which the steam was conducted to the cylinders of the engine.

The engine was belted from the fly wheel to some small machinery which he called a saw mill but which in reality was only a toy useful for play. Mart had the new boiler stationed over a small furnace in which he built a fire. On this occasion, there being an audience of some six or seven other boys before whom he could make a demonstration, he built a hotter fire than usual.

I shall never forget when the boys were all seated around the engine, how with the greatest degree of interest we watched Mart make a very successful demonstration of how it would run and also propel the small machinery which was belted to it. Neither can I forget with what pride he explained the construction and the purpose of each of the working parts of the engine and machinery.

Just about the time that Mart had reached the climax of his explanation and his pride and joy in its most excellent performance, there was a terrific crash accompanied with a hissing cloud of steam which filled the whole place. The boys all fell backward to keep their faces from being burned by the scalding steam. In a short time when the steam had cleared away it was found that the boiler had bursted and had blown the top of the can with considerable force up against the roof of the building. But fortunately there was no one hurt and the only damage resulting was the total loss of a brand new boiler which was not covered by insurance.

The valuable lesson that Mart learned by the boiler explosion was the necessity to keep steam pressure down to a ration with the strength of the boiler to safely hold same. He had not yet mastered the safety valve feature. He was doing what all boys constantly engage in. He was learning by the process of trial and error; by acting first and then moditating afterward.

This story again shows the mechanical traits that were inherited from the Teetor ancestors. It seemed to be in their blood to become inventors and manufacturers. Many years later, Mart Teetor, in Des Moines, Iowa, invented and developed one of the best adding and subtracting machines in the Nation at that time.

In the foregoing episodes, as I now remember, there were present three of the Zook boys, Mart Teetor, Charles N. Teetor and the writer, L. S. Bowman.

By L. S. Bowman,
March 23, 1938

H A P P Y D A Y S A T T E E T O R T O W N.

(This story might also be called Circus Days at Teetor Town, or When Uncle Isaac's came visiting at Teetor Town.)

During the earlier portion of the boyhood of Charles N. Teetor, he lived with his parents at what was then called "Teetor Town". It was so called because of it being the location of the Teetor flouring mill, which was one of the best and largest mills in the County at that time. Another reason for its name was that four of the five families that lived there were Teetors.

Old Abraham Teetor, with his family and his son-in-law, John Zook, lived on the old Teetor homestead which adjoined the mill property. Three of his sons, Daniel, David and Zach, with their families lived near to or in the mill properties. These four Teetor families all had children who attended District school No. 5, which was also called the Teetor Town school.

Daniel and Zach Teetor were the owners and operators of the mill. They and their families lived in the two houses nearest to the mill. Daniel lived in the north residence and Zach in the south house. These homes each had their own private yard but between them was an open tract of ground consisting of about three-quarters of an acre which was used by both families in common. The stable of each family was located on the west side of this court yard and opened into it. At the east side of this tract was the mill race and the mill pond through which the water came to furnish the power to run the mill. East of the mill race was a small tract, a kind of no man's land which belonged to the mill property.

Each of these two families owned a cow and a family driving horse. The court yard was used for quite a number of purposes. It served as barn lot, small pasture, driveway to the Daniel Teetor residence and also as a kind of community play ground. Near the center of this tract stood a large beech tree that provided shade on the hot summer days. When school was not in session it was here that most of the boys of the neighborhood congregated for pastime and play. It might well be called an unsupervised public play ground.

Rural Circus Acts

Henry Teetor, son of Zach Teetor, and his cousin Mart, son of Daniel Teetor, were near the same age, were almost constant companions, had the same likes and dislikes, both were sturdy in health and both were inclined to athletics. In their late youth, Henry and Mart had probably attended one or two circuses, from which they received a lot of ideas and inspiration. They believed in the theory that what one man can do, by persistant effort another also can duplicate it. By hard practice they were soon able to duplicate quite a number of the circus acts and stunts which they had seen and also developed quite a number of original athletic performances.

The boys having no aerial equipment except the large beech tree in the center of the "circus lot", confined most of their acts to horseback riding and ground performances. For the riding acts old Bet, the family horse belonging to Zach Teetor and old Nellie Gray, the family horse belonging to the Daniel Teetor family were used as the chargers in these home talent circus acts. It may be said that these horses were just a little aged for this kind of work, but what they lacked in speed and spirit was amply made up for by the young and lusty riders.

The boys learned to do quite a number of good riding acts, such as mounting and dismounting at full speed, riding face forward, sidewise, backward, standing, etc. They also rode their horses at full speed through the mill race and then turned around and rode them back again. The sport was to see which boy could ride through faster and which could splash the water higher. When the mill race was full of water it was some two or three feet deep which was sufficient to make quite a splash. The horses always, and boys sometimes, came out dripping wet.

The boys also were good in a number of ground acts. They both became experts at standing on their heads and walking on their hands for as long a period of time as some of the professionals. They also became experts in turning handsprings. As Henry was the stronger of the two boys he excelled in turning flip-flops. He could go all over the "circus lot" turning handsprings continuously. He could begin at one end of the lot and turn continuously to the other end and then back again, which was more than the distance of a city block.

When Uncle Isaac's Came Visiting

In the Daniel Teetor family there were six children. In the Zach Teetor family there were eight children. The writer does not now remember how many children were in the families of David Teetor and John Zook. There was also another member of the Teetor family, Uncle Isaac Teetor, who had left Wayne County many years before and lived at Buck Creek, which was a community some twelve or fifteen miles northwest of Hagerstown. This family had five children.

In addition to being just relatives these families were also closely attached by a strong bond of friendship. The four families that lived in Teetor Town saw very much of each other from day to day. Some of them worked together at the mill, they neighbored together and the children played together almost as one large and happy family.

But Uncle Isaac's lived what was then thought to be pretty far away. There was no railroad to Buck Creek. The roads were bad part of the way. Uncle Isaac's means of travel was a two-horse spring wagon. It was impractical to make the round trip in a single day. Also Uncle Isaac was engaged in farming, which is a business requiring a seven day work-week. For these reasons the visits by Uncle Isaac's to Teetor Town were usually limited to once or twice each year.

There were no telephones in those days. People wrote but few social letters. Families of friends and relatives often went visiting without waiting for a formal invitation. When Uncle Isaac's found a convenient time and had the inclination to come to Teetor Town they did not need to wait for any invitation. The invitation of the year before which was, "Well, come back to see us at any time that you can", still was good. They knew that a most hearty welcome awaited them.

Unexpected visits by large families caused the host no great inconvenience or concern. At present we buy our food supply from day to day. In those days food supplies were stocked and kept in storage in the homes. Today we require a delivery from the grocery and meat shop for each day's supplies. In those days the house wife had only to go to the smoke house for the meat, to the cellar for her fruits and vegetables and to the pantry for her flour. For unexpected company it oftimes was only necessary to increase the quantities to provide for the additional number to be fed. Often it was not at all necessary to visit the grocery.

Uncle Isaac's usually came to Teetor Town on Saturday afternoon and returned home on Sunday afternoon. When they arrived what a welcome they received. When the spring wagon was first seen arriving in the court yard the word was passed from one family to another like magic. Old folks, young folks and children all ran out to meet and to greet them. As they came one could hear such expressions as: - "Here comes Uncle Isaac and Aunt Nancy. Hello, there is Betty. My how she has grown. Hurrah, they have brought George and Will along. Folks, are you all well? Get out and come in the house. The boys can take care of the horses. My, it has been so long since I saw you. We are all so glad to see you."

While this most cordial reception is going on at the spring wagon, here would come Henry and Hart from the Hill. They are turning one handspring after another. They stand on their heads, they walk on their hands, and they would turn flip-flops all over the lot. The boys would then run and get old Bet and Nellie Gray out of the stables and do all their riding stunts and acts to amuse, entertain and welcome Uncle Isaac's. If the weather was pleasant usually almost half an hour was thus spent, with everyone talking at once and everyone watching Henry and Hart greeting with their juvenile circus. This was their method of expressing to them how glad they were that they had come. My, what a setting that would have made for a movie tone picture for today.

After the greetings had all been said and done and the boys had exhausted their surplus energy with their circus acts, the old folks, young folks and the children settled down to visiting, talking or playing. How rapidly the hours passed away. Before all realized it another day had come and soon the time came to depart for home again in Buck Creek. Their games and pleasures had all ended much too soon. When the good byes were said then they were homeward bound, all tired out but all happy. Now all that remains from those good old days are the happy memories.

Henry Teetor, the Athlete.

After Henry and Lort Teetor had given a great many successful performances with their riding act, there came a near tragedy. In one of their acts when both boys were riding very fast, there was a farm wagon parked under the large beech tree and old Bet in making a sharp turn around the tree did not see the wagon tongue in time and she fell over it and Henry was thrown violently to the ground and badly injured. He lay unconscious until the following day and fortunately received no permanent injury. But that accident practically stopped the riding performance.

When Henry Teetor reached young manhood he had developed a very sturdy physique. He was large, strong and active. He was still inclined to athletics. With the appearance of the old High Wheel Bicycle it was but natural that he was one of the very first owners and the best rider in this community. He soon learned to do a number of tricks and stunts on his wheel and engaged in the business of entertaining at county fairs, horse racing and other large gatherings. One of Henry's best stunts was to ride his wheel and both propel and guide it with his feet which left both hands free to play his violin. He could cut several kinds of fancy figures with the wheel and successfully play any of quite a number of tunes on his violin simultaneously.

Besides doing fancy and trick riding, Henry also engaged in bicycle racing for a season or two. He won several races in competition with some of the best riders in the State. I do not remember the year, but one season he won the first cash prize in a race at Logansport when the betting odds were against him. He took first prize at a number of other races that year.

C o n c l u s i o n

This story is being told for the purpose of giving the background of the Teetor families, a little something of their lives, their occupation, pleasures, manner of living, social qualities, family stock and inheritance of character of the ancestors and parents of Charles M. Teetor.

The End

By L. S. Bowman

March 30, 1938

SCHOOL DAYS - BEAR CREEK GANG - A HOME TALENT PLAY.

(Boyhood Memories of Charles N. Teetor)

During the youth and young manhood of Charles N. Teetor there were few kinds of social entertainment. The usual and regular places where people met and associated together were Sunday school, church and the public schools for the children. That was a long time before the movies made their appearance and but few shows came to Hagerstown each year. I can remember only one circus that ever came to Hagerstown, and of course, that was a very small one. Other forms of entertainment had to be home made and consisted of spelling bees, literary societies and home talent shows.

When Charles N. Teetor was about fourteen years old, he with his parents and family moved from Teetor Town to Haytie, a very small suburb situated about one fourth of a mile south of the corporation line of Hagerstown. Being outside the corporation the Teetor children were prohibited from attending the town graded school and it was necessary for them to go to the Bear Creek school, which was also known as the Brick Church school, which was more than a mile away and over a very poor road. I very well remember when they first came to Bear Creek school.

New scholars at a country school were oftimes received with about the same kind of welcome as a strange chicken in a barnyard. But it was different with the Teetor boys. We had all attended the same Sunday school and church. We had often met when we took wheat or corn to the Teetor grist mill to be ground. We had played and fished together at the mill while we waited to get our grist of flour or meal ground so as to take it home with us. So they

needed no introduction, and as they were "good sports" they were immediately received into our midst with open arms and accepted as one of our own kind.

In the Bear Creek school there had developed what was then known as the Bear Creek Gang. The gang was never officially organized, governed or controlled by any one distinctive leader. The members all attended the same school and ~~xxx~~ five of its ~~xxxx~~ seven members were class mates. The members had been attracted to each other by similar likes and dislikes, by enjoying the same kinds of games and entertainment and by friendship and loyalty to each other. Charles N. Teetor was two or three years younger than most of the other members of the gang, but he possessed all of the necessary qualifications for membership. He was truthful, loyal to fellow members, willing to play his part in any adventure and found great pleasure in participating in gang activities. But for the present, this is enough about the gang and that will be the subject of a separate story later.

The scholars in the upper grades of the Bear Creek school were mostly boys while the scholars in these same grades atthe College Corner school, situated only one and one-half miles south of Bear Creek school were mostly girls. The girls at Bear Creek school were somewhat reserved, refined and aristocratic, and the boys were too wild to be held in very high favor by the girls. But the College Corner girls liked them wild and were always ready for a lot of fun and a good time. By the natural process of selectivity it developed that some of the Bear Creek boys and some of the College Corner girls became a kind of social set and found a great deal of pleasure in the associations thus formed. We looked upon ourselves as comprising the "four hundred" of that community, while

some of our critics probably considered us as about a dozen rustics.

For the purpose of providing occasions to be together oftener, this Bear Creek-College Corner social set for several years engaged in giving a home talent entertainment each spring soon after the close of the school term. These entertainments were given in the College Corner school house. A substantial stage was built, modern curtains were put up with drop curtain all complete. A good country orchestra provided music for the occasion. The plays presented were of the standard type of drama or comedy in common use at that time. These entertainments usually were well patronized and we almost always played to a crowded house. Often a number of people from Hagerstown attended our performances.

The principal purpose of this story is to describe in limited detail an episode that took place at one of these home talent shows which was given a little more than fifty years ago. The title of the play was "Under the Laurels". I can not now remember what part Charley Teetor had in the cast. I distinctly remember that I had one of the leading roles and that Amanda Shafer Underhill had a leading part, and also that my brother Dan repeatedly brought down the house in portraying the part of a very badly frightened young negro.

The Chicago Corner school and church were located about three miles west of Hagerstown, in Henry County, on what is at present State Road No. 38. That neighborhood also had a gang of boys and young men, which at that time held a grudge against the Bear Creek gang. For more than a week before the time of our entertainment the Chicago Corner gang threatened to come to

College Corner and break up our show. As they were a pretty rough gang, their threat created quite a good deal of interest in the community. It may have hurt the attendance slightly but it also attracted some who came principally to see how the fight would terminate. As the members of the cast could not act and keep order at the same time, Thomas Murray, town marshall of Hagerstown, was employed to come and assist in keeping order.

We were under the impression that when the Chicago Corner gang learned that we had employed a peace officer they would not attend, but in this we were mistaken. Several members of their gang came, paid their admission and found seats near the middle of the room. Near the end of the second act of the play bedlam set in. Members of the gang got up and announced that the show was rotten and had gone far enough. They spoke in a loud tone and trouble immediately started. Mr. Murray, the peace officer, called for order and took hold of one of the gangsters to arrest him. A couple of revolvers were drawn and for a moment things looked serious. Some of our friends in the audience took a hand, the show was immediately stopped and the male members of our show hurriedly left the stage and reinforced the town marshall. I was on the stage when the trouble started. As many women and children sitting near the scene of the trouble were badly frightened I invited as many as could find room to come up on the stage and into the dressing rooms so as to be away from possible danger. In less time than it takes to tell it, the gang disturbers were all ejected from the room and were told to move on. They however, insisted that they be readmitted or have their money refunded to them. No money was refunded, but as I remember, two or three of the disturbers apologized and asked upon their honor to be readmitted and they

would make no further trouble. They were readmitted upon the assurance from Mr. Murray that if trouble started again they would all be promptly arrested and prosecuted.

When the melee was all over and order was restored it was a very amusing situation. Many women and children from the audience were crowded upon the stage and all the male actors of the play were down in the audience reinforcing the marshall. During the rumpus audience and actors had exchanged places. To many of the spectators the impromptu act was the best part of the entertainment of the evening, at least it was different. After complete order had been restored and actors and audience had been restored to their proper places the performance was again resumed where it had left off when interrupted, and it may be said with a great deal of credit to the players that no one was panicky, that every one remembered his part and played it fully as well as if there had been no interruption. All is well that ends well, and our entertainment ended well. It is with regret that I cannot now remember the part that Charley Foster played in this episode. About all that I can clearly recall is what I did and what the Chicago gang did. Things were happening too fast for me to see everything.

The final chapter of this episode was not written until about two months later and the next act was played at the Chicago Corner school house. It may have been that we boasted too much about how we had licked the Chicago Corner gang. At any rate they smarted under their defeat and humiliation and they anxiously waited for an opportunity to even up the score.

In the latter part of May of that same year Working and Keagy Company, building contractors, received the contract to build a

wood house at the Chicago school house. William Werking was the superintendent of construction and three of his sons, Charles E. Werking and I were employed as carpenters. All of us except Mr. Werking, Sr., were members of the Bear Creek gang. The construction of this new building right in the center of the Chicago Gang territory afforded them an excellent opportunity to get even with Bear Creek. We worked on the building one whole day and at evening it was about three-fourths completed. The new building was located in the front yard of the school ground, even with the property line adjacent to the highway to make it convenient to deliver wood for the school.

I shall never forget the following morning when we were on our way back to complete the building. I sat up on the front seat beside Mr. Wm. Werking, who was driving the team. When we arrived at a slight turn in the road at a distance of about three-eighths of a mile from the school house, I noticed that something had happened during the night. I said to Mr. Werking, "William, our wood house has moved since we left it last night. It has gone north." He stated, "Oh, I reckon not." I said, "Yes it has. It has been moved back midway to the school building." He looked more carefully and saw that I was right.

What had actually happened was that the Chicago Corner gang had organized quite a number of boys and men of that community and gotten them together during the night and moved the new building some twenty or thirty feet northward. It was completely off its foundation and was setting flat on the ground. It required our combined force almost half of the day to get the building back to its foundation where it belonged. Instead of completing our job at noon it required most of the day. That evened up the score and I

do not now remember that these two gangs ever had any serious trouble afterward.

THE END.

By L. S. Bowman

April 6th, 1938

LIGHTENING OUR LOAD WITH FIRE

(A Bear Creek Gang Episode)

In the early 80's in a number of school districts Literary Societies were organized and conducted. The program usually consisted of debating teams, readings and recitations. In the absence of other forms of entertainment these societies were usually well attended.

One night the Bear Creek Gang organized a stag party to attend a literary society meeting at the Mason School house which was about three miles south of the Bear Creek school, on the west road to Cambridge City. My father always kept several good teams of horses and we always owned a good high grade bob sled on which we placed a large wagon bed and filled it with an ample amount of clean straw to serve as a cushion to sit on. When there were lady passengers an ample supply of robes and blankets were also provided. When it was only a stag affair, the straw was sufficient. With a good team hitched to the bob sled my brother and I drove around the mile square and gathered up all the members of our gang and went to the literary society.

However, the snow had been on the roads for some time and it began to thaw pretty rapidly that afternoon. When the meeting was over our party of some ten or twelve were promptly gotten together to start for home. But there appeared on the scene almost as many young fellows from the College Corner neighborhood who had walked to the meeting, and they promptly jumped on our sled to ride home with us. To make matters worse, in addition to the extra load on the soft snow, there was a considerable stretch of road which had been freshly graveled the previous fall, on which the snow had melted very much more rapidly and

the sled runners cut clear through into the gravel in the barest places, and we were having a pretty hard time in getting along.

I drove the team and on the high spring seat with me was Johnnie Werking. As the team was slowly laboring along I remarked to him that I doubted if we would be able to get through the stretch of gravel with all extra passengers on board. The College Corner boys had not been invited in the first place. In a low tone Johnnie told me to stop the team and we would proceed to lighten the load considerably, and that I should be ready to start promptly when he gave the signal. I had no idea what he proposed to do and thought he might have in mind to throw the College Corner boys off, which might not be a very easy job.

Johnnie climbed off the seat and began to set fire to the straw and the fire was soon spread to the entire length of the sled. It is unnecessary to state that the sled was unloaded in double quick time. While Johnnie was still busily engaged in throwing the burning straw out of the sled to keep it from burning the sled he gave me the signal to start and the Bear Creek gang all jumped on. I started the team at top speed. Our boys all jumped on and assisted in throwing out the rest of the burning straw and we got away before the College Corner boys fully realized what it was all about. The success of the little drama was complete. Every Bear Creek boy got on and not one of the College Corner boys got aboard, and they had been completely outwitted. We soon got off the stretch of fresh gravel where the roads were good and we went merrily homeward bound.

That episode provided us with more genuine entertainment than the whole evening's program of the Society. The road was

on fire for quite a distance and for a short time traffic was stopped because horses were frightened at the burning straw on the snow.

The End.

L. S. Bowman

CHARLES N. TEETOR

(A brief sketch of his life)

Charles N. Teetor was born near Hagerstown, Indiana, on December 15, 1870, and with the exception of about three years he spent his entire life in this community. He was the son of Zachariah Teetor who was born in 1836 and died in 1906, and whose ancestors came from Switzerland, and Barbara (Hoover) Teetor, who was born in 1839 and died in 1884, whose ancestors came from Germany. Both his father and mother were born near Hagerstown and lived their entire lives in this community. At least four generations of his ancestors, on his father's side, were of mechanical and inventive turn of mind. His great grandfather Teetor, who lived in Pennsylvania, possessed outstanding ability as a mechanical engineer and his services were often sought in the installation of mills and power plants in the city of Pittsburgh. It was but natural, therefore, that C. N., as he was familiarly called, inherited this same talent. His mechanical impulse was inborn and his future success came from sources within his own nature.

Mr. Teetor's father operated a country grist mill. He reared a family of eight children, Charles N. being the fifth child. As a boy he attended the district school in winter and worked in his father's mill in the summer. In 1883, his father purchased a larger mill in Hagerstown, which proved a financial failure, and the following year he failed in business and was left a complete bankrupt. Later the same year, a greater misfortune came to the Teetor family. Charles' mother died. From this time on, at the age of fifteen years, he was thrown practically on his own resources. He worked as a farm hand during the summer and attended a five-months contry school in the winter. In this manner he completed the eighth grade in the country school and then attended high school seven months. He then received a small loan from a wealthy neighbor, which enabled him to attend one term at a teacher's training college, at Lebanon, Ohio, after which he taught school in the winter and worked at the carpenter's trade during the summer.

During the first twenty-one years of Mr. Teetor's life he was guided largely by the force of circumstances, but neither the profession of teaching nor the carpenter's trade appealed to him. He followed them out of necessity to provide a living. In 1892 his mechanical impulse asserted itself so strongly that he began his mechanical career for which nature had so richly endowed him, and from this time on he made rapid and steady progress.

On August 25, 1892 Mr. Teetor was married to Leora E. Nicholson, of Hagerstown, Indiana, and moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, and accepted employment with the Arrow Bicycle Company. During his connection with this Company, by hard work and close application, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the manufacture of bicycles and the following year he opened up and operated a large bicycle repair shop in Muncie, Indiana. He was next employed as a mechanical engineer by the Speeder Bicycle Manufacturing Company, of New Castle, Indiana, to perfect and design a new bicycle, which was successfully manufactured for a number of years in that city.

While operating his bicycle repair shop he conceived his ideas for, and designed a new railway inspection car. In 1895 he came back to his home town, Hagerstown, and he with his father and brothers, and C. H. Hartley, organized a small company and successfully manufactured inspection cars for railways. The company operated under the name of The Railway Cycle Manufacturing Company from 1895 to 1904, under the name of Light Inspection Car Company from 1904 to 1909, and under the name of Teetor Hartley Motor Company from 1909 to 1918. Mr. Teetor served as General Manager continuously during the life of each of these companies. This business was started with but very little capital and was built up almost entirely from accumulated earnings. During these years the company's business grew and markets were created for their cars --not only im this country, but also in Europe and South America. During the early portion of this period Mr. Teetor designed and manufactured a small gasoline engine for farm purposes.

In 1909 Mr. Teetor designed and began the manufacture of a new gasoline motor for automobiles, known as the Teetor Motor, which was among the first to be placed on the market -- the four-cylinder enblock motor being the first of this type in this country. This motor, after having been very successfully manufactured for nine years, was sold with buildings and equipment to The Anstead Engineering Company, of Connersville, Indiana.

While engaged in the business of manufacturing motors, Mr. Teetor soon discovered that good piston rings are a very important factor in the operation of internal combustion engines. Not being able to procure piston rings on the market that came up to his required standards, he was compelled to make the rings for his own motors. Knowing that other manufacturers of gasoline motors were also having piston ring troubles, their ring business was solicited, with the result that this company secured the piston ring business from a number of the best motor car manufacturers in the country.

In 1918, after having sold the Teetor Motor business, a new company was incorporated under the name of The Indiana Piston Ring Company, which was later changed to The Perfect Circle Company. Since that time the company has devoted all of its time and energy to the manufacture of piston rings only. The maximum production of the company has been steadily increased from a few thousand rings to 350,000 rings per day. In recent years Mr. Teetor worked on the production of more than seventy types of piston rings and the company has developed one of the finest laboratories in the automotive industry.

The Perfect Circle Company was re-organized on July 1, 1928, and the General Piston Ring Company, of Tipton, Indiana, was merged with the present company. The company also established a large foundry in New Castle, Indiana, for the purpose of moulding castings from which piston rings are made. A few years later the company established an additional plant at Toronto, Canada, to facilitate the handling of an increasing export trade. Each of these four plants are modern in every way and are equipped with the most modern machinery that the markets of the world afford. On July 1, 1926, Mr. Teetor was made President and General Manager of the new corporation -- a position which he has retained until his death.

Prior to 1926, the several companies enumerated herein were owned and managed by Mr. Teetor, his four brothers, (John, Henry, Joseph and Frank) and Mr. Charles Hartley. The stock in each of these companies was owned by them and members of their families and they were, in fact, closed corporations. Since 1926, all of the senior members of the company, except Mr. Teetor, have retired from the business and the management has passed to the next younger generation, which consists of Mr. Teetor's four sons, two of his nephews, a son of Mr. Charles H. Hartley, a cousin and his son-in-law. To each of his associates in business Mr. Teetor always gave full credit for his share in contributing to the success of the company.

Besides having perfected the Speeder Bicycle and the development of the Railways Inspection Car, Mr. Teetor patented several features of his automobile engine. He built the first three automobiles that he owned -- the first of which was built before there were any marketable cars. During the Spanish American War he suggested to the War Department the use of the smoke screen for the protection of ships at sea and received a reply that it was not practical in warfare. However, he lived to see the time when his idea was put to practical use. He invented the first successful oil regulating piston ring, which rapidly sprang into general use in the entire automotive industry. He patented a great many other articles, many of which have never been manufactured. From 1895 to 1926 all articles manufactured by any of the several companies with which he was associated were his own inventions. His most recent invention was a portable dump body for trucks which he was arranging to manufacture at the time of his departure.

Mr. Teetor's wife also was born and reared in this community. She has long been a leader in the civic affairs, not only in Wayne County, but also of the State. She was president of the League of Women Voters of Indiana for a period of five years and is still a member of the Board of Directors of the League. To this cause she has given liberally of her time and financial support. Mrs. Teetor also takes an active part in local government. For a number of years she has been a member of the Wayne County Council and is the only woman ever to be elected to this office in Wayne County.

The Teetor family consists of five children -- four sons and one daughter. The sons are Lothair, Macy O., Donald and Herman. Winifred, the daughter, is the youngest child. All have finished college, all are married and all have children. During the last ten years Mr. Teetor's business grew to larger proportions and, as the sons finished their college education, part of the responsibilities of the company were transferred from Mr. Teetor's shoulders to those of his sons and nephews and his son-in-law, all of whom are officially associated with the Perfect Circle Company. The father laid the foundation for the business ably and well. Now it is true, as Emerson says, that a great institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. But it is also the composit shadow of many men who carry on and perpetuate the heritage of

one man's foresight and enterprise and thereby prove how well and true the founder built. The children have already demonstrated that they are thoroughly capable and well qualified to carry on the business to still greater proportions.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work. Mr. Teetor's success was largely due to his habits of industry and persistent effort, and is living proof that inspiration amounts to but little without work. From February, 1895 to 1900, he never took a vacation. His time cards for that period averaged an excess of eighteen hours per day. Poverty and responsibility are great teachers. All good things require difficulty. He recently made the statement that he always loved to work in the factory and was now happy that he was able to do so without having to devote much of his time to business details.

Many who come up through struggles to success forget the crowd of toilers below; but, remembering his own early struggles, Mr. Teetor has enabled numerous young people to go through school and college. He believed that every worthy person was entitled to a fair chance in life, and provided opportunities to many who, partially at least, owe their success to him. He contributed substantially to the enrichment of life in his home community. He contributed liberally to both home and foreign charitable causes. In 1929 Mr. Teetor and his family purchased ground, built, furnished and completely equipped a very beautiful library and presented it to the Library Board of Hagerstown as an expression of his good will to the community in which he rose from a poor boy to a successful business man and manufacturer.

In recent years, since many of the responsibilities of the factory management were assumed by the second generation, Mr. & Mrs. Teetor embraced the opportunity to travel considerable. Besides having visited all the interesting parts of America, they have traveled in Alaska, Europe, South America and in Asia. Also, during these recent years he acquired diversified mining and agricultural interests in which he was greatly interested.

Mr. Teetor was a faithful and devoted member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Hagerstown, Indiana, and also a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston, Massachusetts. He not only professed his religion, but what is infinitely more important, he lived

his religion and practiced its precepts in his daily life. It served him not only a standard of ethics for his personal conduct, but also a code for his business transactions. In his dealings he always endeavored to do for others as if he were the others. In one respect he was like Napoleon, one of whose maxims was, "Get your principles right and the rest is a matter of detail".

Mr. Teetor's boyhood was that of the typical "self-made" man -- a time of hard labor, poverty, and apparently small opportunities. Close application, punctuality, and the sacred keeping of his word are some of the characteristics which made him successful. His material achievements stand as a monument to his success in his chosen field of work, but he left more than that. He left an example to inspire all men in this land of equal opportunity.

Mr. Teetor departed from this life on May the second, 1937, at the age of 66 years. He was loved and respected by all, his passing was mourned by all and he is now greatly missed by all of a multitude of friends and associates. His earthly remains were deposited in the Teetor Mausoleum in the Brick Church Cemetery, which is adjacent to the Bear Creek School grounds where he attended school when a boy, and which also is adjacent to the farm where he first worked by the month as a farm hand, there to rest in the quiet and peaceful land of dreams and shadows among the scenes of his boyhood days.

Hail and farewell. We are the poorer for your passing.

By L. S. Bowman,
June 10, 1937.

AN EARLY POWER TRANSMISSION LINE IN TEETOR TOWN.

(A Boyhood Episode of Abe L. Teetor.)

Abe L. Teetor was the son of Daniel U. and Elizabeth (Sally) Teetor. He was born and reared in Teetor Town. He, like many of the other Teetors of his generation, inherited a strong mechanical impulse from his Teetor ancestors, which asserted itself early in life, as this story will show. It was an inborn determining force which made him a mechanic, inventor and manufacturer. He was the father of Mr. Dan C. Teetor of the Perfect Circle Company, was a first cousin of Charles N. Teetor and also a cousin of the writer.

Abe L.'s father was part owner and the operator of the Teetor flouring mill, and as the Teetor residence was near to the mill it was but natural that Abe L. spent much of his leisure time during his boyhood in and around the mill. Being mechanically inclined, he was intensely interested in all things mechanical. The Teetor flouring mill was powered by water which is easily understood and it was a common pastime for the boys of that period to make small water wheels and place them at a waterfall or where the current was swift. In fact, in certain localities the making of water wheels was more commonly engaged in by boys of that time than the flying of kites.

Within one hundred feet from the Teetor residence was an old spillway, remains from a saw mill that had previously been located there, over which there was an almost constant flow of water. Here was potential power going to waste day by day. When Abe L. was about sixteen years old his mind became completely filled with mechanics. For him the age of invention had arrived. Among other things he became an expert in the making of water wheels.

As this is a story of Power Transmission, it may be well to state that long distance power transmission was in its infancy in this country at that time. Only about twenty years before, to be exact, in 1850, the first successful long distance power transmission had been originated by Mr. C. F. Hern, by means of wire ropes at Colmar in Alsace. The cables were supported by pulleys placed from 300 to 500 feet apart between the prime mover and the place where the power was to be utilized. In this manner 300 horse power was transmitted 6,500 feet.

The process and methods of transmitting power generated by the steam engine, water wheel or by wind mill to machines operated in performing useful functions are among the most important problems of modern engineering. Due to the scarcity of magazines and newspapers seventy years ago it is improbable that young Abe L. had ever read or heard very much about long distance power

transmission. It is very probable that he merely had a hunch that such development was a possibility, could be made practical and would be developed in the near future in this country.

In the back yard of the Teetor home, which was across the mill race from their residence stood a building that may previously have been a residence but which later was used as a shop and laundry. Abe L. spent many happy days in this shop, working and developing many of his mechanical projects.

In this shop, Abe L. made numerous small machines, which at first were mere toys for play and entertainment, and later small machinery for useful purposes. At the time referred to in this story he had accumulated quite a number of pieces of small machinery and placed them at various locations on the floor, against the walls, and with belting and pulleys up at the ceiling. Each of these machines-could be successfully run, singly or in groups when belted together in various combinations with hand or foot power.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Here in the shop were a number of machines that could be successfully operated by physical power. Down some two hundred feet away he had a water wheel which was successfully operating. Potential power was constantly going to waste and a new idea was born in Abe L.'s mind. The idea was a "Power Transmission Line."

Abe L. next supplied his water wheel with a belt wheel. He then constructed a power transmission line which consisted of a ball of very strong twine which was run through pulleys suspended in the trees of their orchard, from the water wheel to the shop. Prior to and in anticipation of turning on the power he had run a continuous belt from one machine to another, up and down the walls of the shop and across the ceiling, from place to place until all the machines were connected up so all would run in unison.

After Abe L. had worked for several days, no one knows how many, the line was finally completed and all machines connected. All this work was finally completed on a certain Monday morning which was laundry day in the Teetor family. Aunt Sally (Abe's mother) was alone in the shop busily engaged in doing the family washing while Abe was putting the finishing touches and making the final outside inspection of his power line. Assuring himself that everything was in ship-shape order Abe L. placed the cable on the pulley of the water wheel and the machinery started.

As Abe had been doing outside work most of the morning Aunt Sally was alone in the building and had not noticed any changes in the arrangement of machinery about the place. When Abe turned on the power down at the water wheel, all suddenly the whole shop began to take on life and motion with numerous

pieces of machinery running, each making its own kind of noise. The whole shop suddenly became animated. It is needless to state that Aunt Sally was completely bewildered. As before stated she was alone, no one had been there recently, she was positive that no one came into the shop to start the machinery, and why did it keep on running? There was no power in sight to cause it to run. She could hardly believe her senses.

As soon as Abe had put the belt on the pulley of the water wheel he ran at top speed to the shop to see if the machines were running and how they were operating. When he entered the shop door the first thing that attracted his attention was the startled look of amazement of his mother. With a degree of anxiety she asked Abe what in the world had happened and what was making the machinery run.

Abe L. immediately calmed his mother's temporary uneasiness and it was with a great deal of interest that he put on a few finishing touches in the way of adjustments and soon all machines were running perfectly from power from the spill way and all that Abe L. needed to do was to sit by and watch the wheels go round.

And this was in all probability the first successful Long Distance Power Transmission line in this part of Indiana. It was such experiences and environment that enabled Abe L. Tester to become a successful mechanic, inventor and manufacturer.

By L. B. Bowman
April 4th, 1938

T H E M A N I C U R I N G P A R T Y.

In the winter of 1876-77, George W. Thompson taught the Bear Creek School, also known as the Brick Church School, in Jefferson Township, in Wayne County. It was during this term that Bear Creek Gang began to take form. It had its beginning by the natural attraction of friends and the elimination of their enemies. It was at first but a selection of friends on the basis of likes and dislikes. The ages of the future gangsters ranged from nine to twelve years. It was at that time that friendships were formed that were to last until death should terminate them.

One of the first gang episodes took place during this term of school which for the lack of a better name may be called the Manicuring Party, which was given in honor of David Paul. The other members of our class who participated were Dave Hoover, Dave Hardman, Charles E. Werking and the writer, L. S. Bowman, four members of the future Bear Creek Gang, which was then in the process of making.

David Paul was noted for his fighting qualities and of being very quarrelsome. He had a bad disposition and it was but natural that he stirred up considerable trouble and had numerous fights on the play ground.

To make him a more dangerous antagonist David let his fingernails grow out until they extended at least a quarter of an inch beyond the ends of his fingers and there was usually a considerable amount of real estate lodged under them. He used his nails as weapons, very much like an animal uses its claws, when engaged in fighting. A great deal of the time, one or more of the other boys bore marks on their hands from wounds inflicted by the sharp nails of David Paul. These wounds, besides being very painful, healed very slowly.

One morning before School began David Paul and Dave Hoover had some kind of misunderstanding which resulted in a fight in which Dave Hoover came off second best with bleeding hands from cuts made by the claws of the human wildcat. The fight took place in the back part of the school grounds and when Dave Hoover came over to where the other boys were, he showed us his bleeding hands from which he was suffering severe pain and he said, "Boys, isn't there any way that we can stop David Paul's scratching us with his finger nails?"

The writer immediately suggested that if David would not keep his nails trimmed to the regular length, that we could do it for him. The idea was immediately unanimously adopted and Dave Hardman, Dave Hoover, Charles E. Werking and I immediately

proceeded to give him the works. Charley Werking always carried a sharp knife and he was selected to do the trimming and the rest of the boys to hold David. He was soon caught and thrown to the ground and securely held. One boy sat on his feet so that he could not kick, another held his head so that he could not bite and the other held his hands.

Charley Werking did an excellent piece of surgery work and David's nails probably got the closest trimming they ever received before or since. In fact Charley was none too careful about keeping from cutting into the quick occasionally. During the entire operation David fought like a tiger, but on this occasion with the odds four to one against him he had to take it. Before he was let up we held a very brief business session and David was told that from that time on, if he did not keep his nails trimmed to proper length that we would continue to do it for him, as we were through with being wounded by his long nails. One trimming proved to be quite enough, and David never let it become necessary for us to repeat our operation, and furthermore, it took a good deal of the fight out of him.

When David was released, he was boiling over with indignation. His first impression was to fight all four of us at once. But he immediately saw that this was another mistake and that he had no chance against such odds in number, and so he did the sensible thing and retreated bawling into the school house to tell the teacher.

Soon the school bell rang and we all went into the school room looking as brave and unconcerned as was possible under the circumstances. There sat David in his seat still crying and suffering from pain, humiliated in defeat. I had to try hard to keep from feeling sorry for him. The first thing on the program was an investigation into the fight. Prof. Thompson called us to the front of the room and had us stand before him for trial. He questioned each one about the trouble we had and all that had happened.

We all told the truth and all told exactly the same story. When it came my turn to be questioned, I made a more detailed statement of the affair than the rest had done. I explained how dangerous David's nails had been and as evidence I asked Dave Hoover to step up before Mr. Thompson and show his injured and bleeding hands as evidence, which was done. I admitted that the nail trimming was my suggestion and that it was done only as a matter of self-protection. At the completion of the hearing, Prof. Thompson stated that he believed that he now had pretty full and complete information about the affair, and that he would take the matter under advisement. And being a just judge, that was the last that we ever heard of it. As that was sixty years ago, I presume the case has long ago been dropped. No one was ever punished.

I never saw Prof. Thompson after he left Hagerstown. He was a most excellent gentleman and an excellent scholar and also an excellent teacher. For many years he taught penmanship and drawing at the Indiana University and at the Teachers State Normal. Later he went to Idaho on account of his health and now lives in California.

In January, 1926, fifty years after he had taught at Bear Creek School I received a letter from him which began as follows:

"My Dear Mr. Bowman: That is, if you are the same L. S. Bowman, who attended Bear Creek School, near Hagerstown, during the term of 1876-77, and who participated in the manouring party which was given in honor of the Paul boy, etc." He clearly remembered the whole incident and also remembered the names of almost all the scholars who attended school and inquired about each one.

It was such incidents as the one above related that laid the foundation for the future Bear Creek Gang, who always were each for all and all for each other.

THE END.

T H E B E A R C R E E K G A N G.

(Of which Charley Teetor was a Member)

The Bear Creek Gang was composed of a group of boys who attended the Bear Creek School, which was also known as the Brick Church School. It was located one and one-half miles south-west of Hagerstown, Indiana. The time of the existance of this gang was from about 1877 to 1887, which is now more than fifty years ago.

The original (or charter) members of the gang were David F. Hardman, Dave Hoover, John E. Werking, David O. Werking, Charles E. Werking and the writer, L. S. Bowman. Charles N. Teetor was not a charter member, but he became a member in 1883, when he with his parents moved from Teetor Town to Haytie which was then in the Bear Creek School District.

The gang was never officially organized. Neither was it controlled or governed by any distinctive leader. The gang was somewhat like Topsy, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, who "just growed up." The members were never solicited to join. They were attracted to eachother by similar likes and dislikes, by enjoying the same kinds of games and entertainment and by friendship and loyalty to eachother.

Charles N. Teetor was two or three years younger than most of the other members, but he possessed all of the necessary qualifications for membership. He was loyal and truthful to fellow members, willing to play his part in any episodes, dramas, adventures or gang enterprises. He was not only willing to play his part but he found great pleasure in participating in gang activities.

The purpose of some gangs of boys are theft, fighting, truancy or carousing. Webster has defined the word "gang" as follows: "A company of persons acting together for some more or less questionable purpose." The purpose of the Bear Creek Gang was neither of the above mentioned.

The purpose of the Bear Creek Gang was very largely confined to playing pranks and tricks on other gangs or on individuals in the community. The gang never engaged in the business of theft, destruction of property or inflicting any financial or physical injury to any one.

Our gang enjoyed and specialized in adventure which required matching wits with eachother, stunts and surprises which often led to the inconvenience, embarrasment and sometimes the indignation of their victims.

I believe it was Emerson who said, "Send your sons to college and the boys will educate them."It has often been said that one of the chief benefits of a college education is to have the conceit taken out of the studonts. Much of this used to be done by hazing. But few of our gang members ever had the opportunity to go to college, therefore it was probably necessary and desirable to get this part of our training at home. In that respect, at least, the operations of the gang were beneficial. We all had to learn to take as well as give punishment. It developed true sportsmanship.

The members of our gang never engaged in the business of theft. There was no occasion for that. They all came from respectable families. With a very few exceptions, none of the boys ever drank, and as I now remember only one smoked and none chewed tobacco which was very common practice at that time.

The members of our gang never fought with eachother but would fight in defense of eachother against any non-member foe if it became necessary. We were each for all and all for eachother. The gang seldom operated in any undertaking as a whole; usually only two or three members took part in any one episode. The generally accepted statement that," In numbers there is strength," was not true in gang work. It increased the hazards in making quick and successful get-aways.

With the exception of one family, the parents of the young gangsters were members of the Church of the Brethren, (Dunkards) and these parents also afterward joined this church. Most of the members of the gang attended Sunday school and church and highly respected the sincerity of the religion of their parents and other members of the church. Yet the members of the Bear Creek Gang, at that time in their lives, seemed quite devoid of religion and never gave any outward evidence that could plausibly be called a religious impulse. They believed in taking life as they found it. In the book of Ecclesiastes we found a very strange text, "Be not ~~righteous~~ righteous over-much," which suited our purpose very well at that time in life and which we very religiously followed for a few years of our youth.

The golden rule and too conscientious scruples would have seriously interfered with our episodes at that time. Life for us was an adventure and we proceeded upon the theory that the world was created primarily as a play ground for our personal enjoyment. It was for us the golden age. Youth is the actor, and age is the preacher. Youth says "Yes", and age says "No".Some of our elders in the community predicted that we would most certainly come to some bad end, which only had the effect of sharpening our wits so as to be able to commit more perfect "crimes." More that half of our pleasure came from committing depredations consisted in avoiding detection by alibies that were usually fool proof.

In speaking of alibies, it might be of interest to state that Charles E. Werking had the best all around, general purpose alibi of all the members which was very often used and which seemed to be positive proof of innocense. Charley slept in the west room, upstairs. Just outside his west window was the roof of their one-story kitchen. At the end of the kitchen was the yard fence. Often when Charley went out at night to do gang duty, he would first go upstairs to bed before the rest of the family retired. After all the rest of the family had retired and gone to sleep Charley very quietly crept out of the window, went down the kitchen roof and then to the ground.

After the business of the night had all been completed, Charley returned to his bed room over the same route by which he had left it. The following week when neighbors were playing the rold of detective and trying to locate the guilty culprits, Dave Werking, Charley's father would give positive assurance that his boy Charley had nothing to do with it, because he personally knew where Charley was that night. He and the rest of the family know that Charley had gone to bed first that night and he know that Charley was not away from home that night. Dave Werking had an excellent repubation in that community. His word was accepted as truth by all who knew him. In this manner Charley escaped suspicion in many an adventure in which he was guilty, and in some cases more guilty than all the rest.

It so happened that all the members of the Gang were Republicans. In national campaign years they derived a great deal of pleasure in attending Republican rallies of those days, taking part in political activities and parades long before any of us had reached the voting age. Fifty years ago, in each national campaigh there was still a hangover of political hatred from the Civil War period and some who were neighbors and friends at other times let their friendship cool off quite a bit during campaign years. At many of the political gatherings campaign speakers would again wave the "bloody shirt" (war talk), which helped to rekindle the fires of hate. Our gang took advantage of this feeling and capitalized on it by adding fuel to the smouldering flames.

In late youth, during the adolescent period, it was but natural that the members of the gang also became interested in feminine society. Bear Creek School at that time had only two girls of our own age- not enough to go around. But just one and one-half miles south, at the College Corner school there was a surplus of girls of our own age. For a few years the Bear Creek boys and the College Corner girls constituted a social set which had much in common and many were the good times we all had together.

Character and Valuable Training.

Some of the valuable training and experience gained from "Gang" membership and experiences are as follows: Individuality, Truthfullness, Loyalty to eachother, Punctuality, Dependibility and Honesty with eachother.

Individuality

The members of the Bear Creek Gang were not imitators. They were not parrots of other men's thinking. They thought things out for themselves, reached their own conclusions addformed their own convictions.

Truthfullness.

The members of the gang early learned the importance of being truthful to eachother, even if, at times they found it necessary to prevaricate to others. They never lied to eachother, but they would lie for eachother.

Loyalty

Members of the gang were always loyal to eachother. There never was a "squealer" in the bunch. No squealer could have retained his good standing or his membership very long. They sometimes pled guilty to crimes which they did not commit to divert suspicion from a fellow member who was getting into a close place and was in a hot spot.

Punctuality.

The members of the gang early learned the value of punctuality. The success of many an episode depended on being in the right place at exactly the right time, and also being away from a certain place at a certain time.

Dependibility.

In all gang matters each member always could be depended upon to do his part assigned to him and stick to any agree-

Gang Oddities and Twists of Fate.

All the members of the Bear Creek Gang attended the Bear Creek School, yet only one member married a Bear Creek girl. (John E. Werking)

All the members of the Bear Creek Gang attended the Church of the Brethren, yet only one member of the gang ever joined it. (John E. Werking.)

Four members of the gang were reared on farms, yet only one member ever became a farmer. (Dave Hoover)

Four of the seven members became school teachers, which however was not permanent and the profession was used as a stepping stone to some other calling.

The four wild "Indians" who went to school all qualified to teach. But where to teach was the question. They had the reputation of being wild and always being out for a good time.

David F. Hardman, being the "Best Boy" of the gang was able to get a school in Jefferson Township. All the rest were compelled to go into communities where they were not so well known and prove themselves worthy and capable . As a result Charles E. Werking taught at Rogersville in Henry County; Charley Teeter taught in Clay Township and the writer got his first school in Harrison TownshiP.

After a few years of teaching and changing of occupations the members of the gang settled down to the following occupations:

1 farmer, 2 carpenters, 1 architect, 1 business man, 1 manufacturer and one auditor, which shows again how each one followed his own inclination and individual bent of mind.

I N R E T R O S P E C T I O N.

In looking back in memory over a period of more than fifty years, these were the golden days in the spring of life. Our depredations when young had a lasting effect in our more mature years. They made us more charitable as teachers, as parents and as citizens, with the pranks and actions of others and less critical of some of the shortcomings of others about us. It is inconsistent for us to condemn the things in others now, which we ourselves were guilty of then.

By L. S. Bowman.
November 1938.

GANG LAND NEWS OF MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Wire Workers Union/

Culprits have wired the farm gate at the outer end of the driveway at the Dave Holder Farm on so many sunday nights that Dan Dilling and Will Stout, beaux of the Holder girls, have prtvided them selves with wire pliers and are now able to cut their way out and get out with their horses and buggies without very much delay. In fact they became so proficient that they could get out quicker than the time it takes to wire the gate shut. Therefore it isn't fun to wire it any more.

Precaution Extraordinary.

Charley Werking demands from Lew Bowman the left hand end of the hitch rack at Amos Coffman's residence so that Charley can hitch his horse at an angle of about ninety degrees on the bias. The purpose of this unusual request is that if Charley should be pursued by Mr. Coffman, grandfather of the Roiser girls, Cosie and Lafelta, that Charley will be able to make a quick get-a-way without the necessity of taking time for backing from the rack.

To further facilitate speed and safety Charley always opens his pocket knife and lays it on the upper rail of the palling fence which is only about three feet in front of the hitching rack, so that in the event that Charley is too closely pursued, he can grab his knife, cut the hitching strap and jump into his buggy and be gone with the wind.

Like a lot of other dangers, it has not happened, but Lew Bowman is still hoping that he may yet have the opportunity to see how well Charley's carefully laid plans will work out in action.

Sacrilegious Wine.

Last Sunday, being the first Sunday after the sacramental service at the Brick Church, by waiting until after the congregation had left the church and before the janitor arrived to close it, Dave Hoover, who had a key that fits the wine pantry, was able to get the wine that was left over from last Sunday's service. There was more than a quart left over this time. It was of the usual high grade quality, and was very much enjoyed by all present.

The Bear Creek School Gives a Home Talent Play.

The Bear Creek School gave a home talent play at the end of the school term. An admission was charged and a net profit, after expenses, of $4.35 was earned. Levi Dilling was the teacher, the manager of the show and also its treasurer. When the question of the disposition of the net earnings was taken up, Mr. Dilling announced that due to the small amount, if it were divided up among the 11 scholars who took part in the play, the amount for each one would be almost nothing. So he just kept it all.

Last Saturday night the Bear Creek Gang had a chicken roast at the Den Dilling sugar camp. The chickens were levied on and obtained from Levi Dilling's barn. He did not donate them, In fact he probably never knew that he paid a good share of the show receipts to some of the performers in the form of chickens for a feast to which he was not invited to participate, which is but another illustration of how the law of compensation works.

A Bit of Co[illegible] News.

Charley Teeter and Charles M. Fouts are attending the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio. On last Saturday an excursion was arranged to go to Fort Ancient, Ohio's proud monument of the skill and alertness of the Mound Builders. To ride cost one dollar. Charley Teeter proposed to walk and save the dollar. So they both walked both ways, a distance of about 18 miles. Charley Teeter took his guitar, and there was good music within the inclosure of the latest stand of whose ancient architects that reverbrated from bank to bank of the Little Miami River.

Watching the Fire.

Dave Werking, father of Charley Werking, left Chas. at home to watch the fire while he went to town. The fire was in a piece of new ground that was being cleared and was not far from the the rail fence which separated the woods from the field.

The grass was dry. The fire spread and burned several panels of rail fence and was still burning briskly when Charley's father returned from town. Charley was immediately and impressively taken to task by his father about the fire. Charley earnestly remined his father about the instructions given. He was merely told to watch the fire and nothing at all had been said about putting it out. Charley told his father that he has done just as he was told to do and that he had watched the fire burn every minute of the time.

Charley had followed his fathers instructions too literally and was probably trying to give his father a lesson in the correct use of english language. The result of the whole matter was that Charley was given a lesson in language which was not included in the text books but was applied to the seat of his pants.

Imaginary Chicken Thieves.

Dave Hoover, accompanied by a fellow gangster, repeated his visit again last Saturday night to the home of Moses Schmuck. As on numerous previous occasions, they went to the poultry house and caught an old hen that possessed a good strong voice and induced her to do a lot of loud squalling purposely so that Uncle Mose would hear it and give pursuit.

Uncle Mose was a good kind hearted old man who would never mistreat or injure any one, not even a chicken thief. On hearing the commotion at the hen house he would get up and hurriedly dress and call Towser, the family dog and sick him after the culprits.

Dave and his companion in crime then promptly dropped the hen and disappeared from the premises. They had no fear of Towser because they were as well acquainted and on as good terms with Towser as they were with Uncle Mose.

Uncle Mose prided himself on his success in detecting the thieves in time to prevent any loss and also prized Towser's ability as a watch dog, as between the two of them, after repeated attempted raids, they had never suffered the loss of a single chicken.

This was classed as a perfect crime. The chicken was released and unharmed. The boys had their bit of fun. Uncle Mose proved his ability to successfully drive away the thieves. Towser's importance and value in the household was increased. All good and no harm resulted. Everyone derived some satisfaction from the episode.

Chicago Corner Church Congregation walks out on the Minister.

Old Uncle Billy Peacock was an itinerant preacher who had received the call from on high to preach but was never able to receive any appointment as pastor for any church. Therefore his preaching was limited to those occasions when and where there was any opportunity to get the use of some church house or other occasion.

At one of his church services held at the Chicago Corner Meeting House, due to bad weather, his congregation consisted entirely of the boys and young men of the neighborhood. Uncle Billy was noted for his long, loud and vainglorious prayers. When he prayed he knelt with his head bowed very low, closed his eyes so as to keep out all worldly sights and the sound of his voice completely filled the whole church house and obscured the numerous other lesser noises.

During the time Uncle Billy was thus engaged in prayer, all the boys, his whole congregation quietly tip-toed out of the church and went home. When Uncle Billy finally concluded his prayer and arose to proceed with the rest of the service, all was quiet as a tomb, all had departed and not a soul remained to receive his blessing. We still wonder what his thoughts were.

Coffmans School gets and Unexpected Vacation.

Clint Woolard was a cousin of the Working boys of the Bear Creek Gang. He attended the Cauffman's School which was often referred to as College Corner. The school house was built of brick and had the usual open spaces in the walls a short distance above the ground to serve as air passages to prevent dry rot of the joists supporting the floor.

School became somewhat irksome to some of the College Corner boys and they provided for a vacation. They caught a skunk and poked its carcass through one of the vent holes in the wall and pushed it some distance back under the floor so that it could not be easily fished out. The Trustees refused to go to the expense of having the floor all torn up to remove the dead animal and therefore a vacation of two weeks was ordered in which time nature did its part in in correcting the nuisance. After a period of two weeks the odor had materially decreased and the scholars had to take whatever amount was left and get used to it, which after all was considerable punishment for having played the trick.

Teeter Boys Obtain a Highly Educated Dog.

When the Teeter Family lived at Haytie, Charley and Joe obtained a rather unusual dog. His name was Scott, usually called Scottie. The dog was raised by the family of Henry Johnsonbaugh who lived with Mrs. Johnsonbaugh's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ulrich. Pennsylvania Dutch was the language in common use among the old folks and English was used almost entirely by the Johnsonbaugh children.

Having grown up in the environment of two languages, and being expected to take orders from each one spoken, it was but natural that he learned both. Scottie was an unusually smart dog and for a dog he became what might be called a linguist. He knew some twenty-five or thirty words in each language. He knew each language equally well. Charley and Joe derived a great deal of pleasure in displaying the intelligence of their pet by giving him orders first in one language and then in the other. Within the range of his vocabulary Scottie understood each one equally well.

Conclusion.

The foregoing are but a very few of the many boyhood stories and gang episodes that might be related by the writer. These are related to give to the younger generation a picture of boyhood life more than fifty years ago.

By L. S. Bowman.

THE PERPETUATION OF LIFE. (A BARNYARD EPISODE).

It has been said that the most important functions of life, which includes all life, plant life, animal life and mankind, for its preservation and perpetuation, are to Feed and to Breed.

A concrete example of the vicious circle in operation in the replenishment of the earth, is as follows:-

A lean sow is being served by a boar. The young of her previous litter have seized the moment of her immobility to nurse. She has bugun the process of weaning the pigs, but now she is engaged in a matter which keeps her standing still and the pigs take advantage and get their fill.

The sow's reproductive equipment is now serving two functions at once. She is giving from her body the rich flow of milk necessary to bring her recent off-spring up to a place of self support. She is also receiving into her body the semen that will fertilize the germs of her body for another litter of pigs.

While the feeding of one litter is being completed another litter is being developed in her body, the two separate acts of reproduction being in process at the same time.

The sow is not doing this for the purpose of producing pork and lard for the grocer; not for the purpose of supplying pork chops and bacon for the breakfast table; and not for the purpose of adding to the financial income of the farmer who happens to be the owner of the sow.

The sow is making all this sacrifice and devoting her life's work in accordance with nature's plan which is to satisfy that inner urge which is universal in all plants, in all animals and also in man to perpetuate their species.

The sow is not thoughtful in this matter. She does not need to think as she is governed by instinct. The problem broadens quite a bit when you consider that the sow is not exactly a real individual but one-half of a sex mechanism that involves the other half, the boar, and that the purpose and results of this mechanism or equipment is pigs, or to use a much nobler word, progeny.

The sow's life, like that of most other animals, ends in tragedy. She is kept in production so long as she excels in the quality and number of pigs delivered. When having failed in this, she too is turned back into the common herd to be fattened for the market, to be butchered like her numerous off-spring, to be converted into ham, pork chops and lard. The only future a sow has is that some of her off-spring may be retained for breeding purposes that she may have many descendents and her race perpetuated.

The first law if nature is to feed and to breed to preserve the individual and perpetuate to species. The sow is an example and a symbol of all life.

- - By L. S. Bowman.

Charley Teetor

More Truth Than Poetry

When Charley Teetor was a lad
About the only thing he had,
Was health and strength and appetite,
And a desire to do what's right.

He worked in mill, in shop, on farm,
And learned hard work did him no harm.
He found success no easy task;
But a chance in life was all he asked.

He was a jack of many a trade.
His life's work was somewhat delayed
Until he found what he should do,
Then had the pluck to see it through.

As a young man it made him sore
To hear the wolf howl 'round his door.
He killed the beast and tanned his hide,
And made a rug for his fireside.

In all his life, he's never shirked.
For forty years he's planned and worked.
He's set a pace for other men
And gone a gait few others can.

Among the many other things,
He's made the world's best piston rings.
And Perfect Circles prove their worth,
In every country of the earth.

Oh time and change; as he looks back:
In Colie's stead, big Cadillac;
From four room house to mansion grand,
And a trip each year to a foreign land.

Though with success and wealth and fame,
He always has remained the same.
He still knows every boyhood friend
And wants his friendship till the end.

When God had made our whole blamed crew,
He said, "Let's make a good man too."
He then created Charley Teetor,
And gave our gang a Real World Beater.

By L. S. BOWMAN,
Bear Creek School Class Mate

MRS. LEORA E. TESTOR AS A MOTHER

By L. G. Duncan

Essential Qualities for Motherhood.

The most essential qualifies for motherhood are a healthy body, a good moral character and a keen intellect. Mrs. Testor possesses all three of these qualifications to a marked degree and has transmitted by inheritance these same qualities to each of her five children. She also was fortunate in her selection of a mate. Charles E. Testor was one of God's noble men. Their five children are living examples of their qualifications for successful parenthood.

Some children have two strikes called against them when they are born. Some are born defective, some become defective from improper care and some are unwelcome guests cast into a cruel world. All five of Mrs. Testor's children inherited sound bodies, were welcome newcomers in the Testor home and were reared with the best of car and the Testor family has always been a HAPPY family.

Education.

The Testor children were all given the best of opportunities to obtain an education. Besides the usual grade school and high school education, they all received a college education. Each child was given the opportunity to select his own college and his college course. They were also given a musical education. Three of the sons became professional musicians. Lothair and Harry, being too young for regular military duty during the First World War, enlisted to play in a military band on board transport ships carrying soldiers from this country across the Atlantic to Europe. Donald played in a college orchestra that made a playing tour around the world.

Not only did Mrs. Testor and her husband educate their own children, but they also gave financial assistance to numerous less fortunate youths in obtaining a college education. Since Mr. Testor's death, five years ago, Mrs. Testor has continued extending this help to numerous worthy young people.

Unspoiled by Success and Wealth.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Tooter began life in straitened financial circumstances and were forced to live very economically, in the latter days of financial success, neither the parents nor the children have ever been spoiled by abundance. They continue to prize old friends who have been less fortunate in the material success of life and have helped many when misfortune came.

World Travelers.

Mr. and Mrs. Tooter have traveled extensively, not only in this country, but in foreign lands. They visited Alaska, Old Mexico and each of the continents except Australia. In their earlier trips usually some of the younger children were taken along; in later trips a few friends were taken for traveling companions.

Prolificacy.

Mrs. Tooter is the mother of not only one or two children, she has five. They are as follows: Lothair, Mary O., Donald K., Herman and Winnifred. They are all married and all have families. Two of them have two children each and three of them have three children each. On the basis of vitality the Tooter family has a perfect score. All of the children and all of the grand children are living; eighteen births and no deaths, which is another evidence of virility.

Mrs. Tooter's Husband.

Mr. C. H. Tooter, husband of Mrs. Lorna B. Tooter, was the inventor of the Perfect Circle Piston Ring, and almost entirely by his own efforts, he became the largest exclusive manufacturer of piston rings in this nation. For several years this company produced 50 percent of all the piston rings made in the United States. Accompanying this letter is a sketch of his life.

Mrs. Tooter's Children.

From about 1926 to 1930, as the Tooter sons graduated from College, they came back to Hagerstown and accepted responsible positions in the Perfect Circle Company which was re-organized and greatly enlarged in 1929. Later when Winnifred married, her husband also joined the Perfect Circle Company.

Under the new management by the sons, the company has grown by leaps and bounds, and has expanded until it now has plants in Hagerstown, New Castle and Tipton, Indiana, and a plant in Toronto, Canada.

Lothair Teetor is President and General Manager. In addition to his services with the company, he has also rendered other most valuable services. He served as President of the Indiana State Chamber of Commerce for two years. He organized the Indiana Republican Business Men's Committee last year. He takes an active interest in National and State legislation.

The other sons fill important positions in the corporation.

I believe it was Emerson who said, "Men are what their Mothers made them."

Breaking the Home Ties.

As the Teetor children married and established homes of their own, Mrs. Teetor did not attempt to keep them attached to her apron strings or try to lead them by her hand. They were similar to birds leaving the nest which must fly on their own. And just as Mr. and Mrs. Teetor never had any parental interference in rearing their own family, so also, they granted the same privilege to their children.

In another sense, the home ties have never been broken. The whole Teetor family is closely "knit" together by love, affection and business interests. During the months when Mrs. Teetor is at home, in Winter, it is the practice to have each of her sons and her son-in-law as her guests for lunch at her home each day each week for pleasure and for the discussion of business matters of mutual interest.

Public Services.

Since women have been given the privilege of voting, Mrs. Teetor has been one of the leaders in the organization and support of the League of Women's Voters in Indiana. She served as State President for five years and has contributed liberally to its financial support.

In Wayne County, where she resides, Mrs. Teetor has been a member of the Wayne County Council for quite a number of years, and is its President at this time. She is a candidate for re-election. Her knowledge and her judgment of public affairs are generally recognized. She also has a keen interest in State and National affairs and gives universal support to good government.

Conclusion.

It may be truly said that Mrs. Teetor has given fully and freely to her home, her church, to charity, to a host of friends.

L. S. Ewbank,
Indianapolis, Indiana

March 9, 1942

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